

# THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

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PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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[LOMBARD, ILL.]

WHOLE No. 33.

## FALLEN.

BY H. T. S.

The iron voice in yonder spire has hushed its hollow tone;  
And midnight finds me lying here, in silence and alone;  
The still moon, through my window, sheds its soft light on the floor,  
With a melancholy paleness I have never seen before;  
And the summer wind comes to me with a soft, aolian lay,  
As if burdened with the sorrow of a weary, weary day;  
Yet the moonlight cannot soothe me of the sickness here within,  
And the sad wind takes no portion from my bosom's weight of sin.

Yet my heart and all its pulses seem so quietly at rest,  
That I scarcely feel them beating in my arms or in my breast,  
And these rounded limbs are resting now so still upon the bed  
That one would think, to see me here, that I was lying dead.  
What if 'twere so? What if I died—died as I am lying now,  
With something like to virtue's calm upon this marble brow—  
What if I died to-night? Oh! now this heart begins to beat;  
A fallen wretch like me to pass from earth so sadly sweet!

Yet I am calm—calm as clouds that slowly float and form  
To give their fearful strength to some unpitying storm;  
As calm as great Sahara ere the simoom sweeps its waste,  
Or the wide sea ere the white waves all its shores have laced.  
Still, still, I have no tears to shed, these eyelids have no store;  
The fountain once within me is a fountain now no more;  
The moon alone weeps for me now, the pale and tho'tful moon,  
She weeps for dying Mary through all the night's sweet noon.

What if I died to-night, within these gilded, wretched walls,  
Upon whose crimson drapings no eye of virtue falls?  
What would the soulless inmates do when they had found me here,  
With cheek too white for passion's smile, too cold for passion's tear?  
Oh! one would come, and from these arms unclasp the double bands;  
Another wrench the jewels off my fairer, withered hands;  
This splendid robe another form would grace, but long before  
The moonlight came again to sleep upon the quiet floor.

And when they laid me down in earth, where pauper graves are made,  
Beneath no bending willow's angel-haunted shade,  
Who'd come to plant a flower o'er poor Mary's friendless grave,  
Or train the tangled wild-grass that no summer wind could wave?  
Who'd raise a stone to mark it from the ruder graves around,  
That passing strangers' footsteps might respect the spot of ground?  
No stone would stand above me, no little, waving tree,  
No hand would plant a flower o'er a fallen wretch like me.

What if I died to-night, and when to-morrow's sun had crept  
Where late the softer moon in virgin beauty slept,  
They'd come and find me here, but would not weep to see me dead,  
Nor would bend the knee of sorrow o'er the pulseless wanton's bed.  
There's one would come, my mother—God bless the angel band  
That bore her, ere her daughter fell, to yonder quiet land.  
Thank God for all the anthems the gladdened angels sung  
When my mother went to heaven, and I was pure and young.

And there's another, too, would come—a man upon whose brow  
My shame has brought the winter snow to rest so heavy now.  
Yes, he would come, with manhood's tears all burning down his cheek,  
Had reason's kingdom stronger been where virtue grew so weak.  
My sisters and my brothers all, thank God, are far away,  
They'll never know how died the one who mingled in their play;  
They'll never know how wretchedly their darling sister died,  
The one who smiled whene'er they smiled, who cried whene'er they cried.

I'm all alone to-night, how strange that I should be alone;  
This splendid chamber seems to want some roses, wanton tone;  
You soulless mirror, with its smooth and all unvarnished face,

Seems not the jeweled arms to-night in this unchaste embrace.  
I have fled the fever of that heated, crowded hall,  
Where I might claim the richest and the gayest of them all,  
Where I could smile upon them with that easy, wanton grace,  
Which subdues the flood of virtue that would struggle in my face.

But I hate them all, I scorn them as they scorn me on the street;  
I could spurn away the pressure that my lips so often meet;  
I could trample on the lucre that their passion never spares,  
For they've robbed me of a heritage of greater price than theirs.  
They can never give me back again what I have thrown away.

The brightest jewel woman wears throughout her little day;  
The brightest, and the only one that, from the cluster riven,  
Shuts out forever woman's heart from all the hopes of heaven.

What if I died to-night; what if I died as I am lying here?  
There's many a green leaf withers ere the autumn comes to sear;  
There's many a dewdrop shaken down ere yet the sun-shine came,  
And many a spark hath died before it wakened into flame.  
What if I died to-night, and left these wretched bonds of clay,  
To seek beyond the hollow sphere a brighter, better day?

What if my soul passed out and sought that haven of the blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?  
Would angels call me from above and beckon me to come,  
And join them in their holy songs in that eternal home?  
Would they clasp their hands in gladness when they saw my soul set free,  
And point beside my mother to a place reserved for me?  
Would they meet me as a sister, as one of precious worth,  
Who had won a place in heaven by their holiness on earth?  
Oh God, I would not have my soul go out upon the air  
With all its weight of wretchedness, to wander, where, oh where!

—Selected.

## For the Spiritualist at Work. A TALE OF LIFE;

OR

## THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS.

“Each word we speak, each thought we write,  
Through future ages wings its way;  
For weal or woe, it takes its flight,  
Enwraps with gloom or sheds its ray.”

“I speak not this to condemn you, for I have said before that ye are in our hearts, to die and live with you.”

## CHAPTER I.

“Whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the EARTH.”

Ancient history records with wonder, the riches of Tyre, and speaks of Venice with praise. To be a merchant was honorable, to be a prince in influence and power was the recorded title of the successful trafficker of old. How many youths have aimed at these results? How many have succeeded in the race? Ancient and modern history are alike in recording praise to the successful only, and denying a memento to the unsuccessful. What reference is ever made to the latter is, alas, tinged with acrimony or stained with abuse.

A reflecting man viewing the historic records of the past, is disinclined to extend to those cities of renown greater praise and credit than he does to the modern Babylons. He beholds in the annals of London, Liverpool, and New York more evidences of power and wealth in commercial interchange than we can trace in the crumbling remains of these cities of antiquity. We love to speak of the past with

praise as an incitement to the present. We say to our young men and maidens, be prudent like your grandfathers and grandmothers, and they in reply laugh us to scorn; as it is in our homes, so it is with nations—the warning of history is only a tale that is told; the fate of kingdoms and cities of renown are not viewed by this generation with admonitory acceptance, or the causes of decay inquired into, so as to be used with an advantageous precaution; but the picture painting of the successful day is preferred to the relic of decay.

Each epoch of the world's history is confined to its period, its boundary of influence is limited to the day of success. The past lays covered up in the débris of the wreck, so that the present rejects it, looking alone to the future for its guide. This period of the 19th century is very peculiarly marked, the future examiner into history will point to it as a seething pool of the imagination in fierce activity, emitting forth a vaster amount of dancing bubbles than any preceding period; its record will be perused with astonishment, and men will class it as the *pandemonium of delusion*, artifice, fraud, and pride; the fluctuations in commerce are so numerous, so disastrous, and pregnant with results that changes in human affairs are daily experiences, so that the honorable man of this hour is stigmatized as dishonorable in the next; the merchant of the morning is a bankrupt in the evening, in spite of all his watchfulness and care, and the cause therefor is ignored with incredulity and repeatedly with contempt; honesty in intercourse is the exception, to overreach, delude, deceive with false hopes, based on enticing pictures of future results, are the practice of the traffickers of this day and hour.

Of all periods of false representations, the closing quarter of the 19th century is peculiarly distinguished. Delusion, fraud, and vice is traceable from the low gambling cellar of poverty, through the rich avenues of commerce, into the chambers of the nation's government, all are tinged alike; the honest dealer is an exception, the successful man depends for his character upon his smartness to delude. In every home sits delusion in some shape, form, or device; allurement appears an epidemic in the land, so that no family is safe from the contagion, and the most prudent are oftentimes the first victims, rising early in the morning with hope supporting their hearts and closing the day's experience in dismay at unexpected poverty, and alas, *suicide*.

Such is the picture presented by the recording angel of these modern cities; and can you deny the record, can you prove it an error? Go into your courts of bankruptcy and read their volumes of inscriptions; visit your lawyers' offices, and view their exertions for private settlements; go into your counting-houses, and note the anxious watcher over your telegraph recorders; take a walk through your stock and gold exchanges, and see the action of your brokers and dealers; listen to their cries of demoniac laughter, as the prelude to your ruin, their shouts of contestation by which they usher in destruction upon their confiding victims; visit unseen the private offices of your leaders, and observe the artifice and cunning exercised to produce the fluctuations that hurl

thousands into despair, families into unexpected poverty, and parents into the suicide's tomb; then tell me if Tyre could produce greater sin than your city does? Or probably you would prefer rambling with me for a few moments through the thronged streets of your city, and visit with the crowd the stores or marts of your retailers and wholesale merchandise dealers, in the hope of finding other evidences of consideration in action and honesty in dealing. Shall we enter this huge white building, and observe its tiers of merchandise; every shelf is laden with the produce of man's labor, in a vast variety of professions and diversity of value; wherever the eye lingers are tokens of men's industry and woman's labor; there is not one inch that has not an evidence of suffering, toil, and human care, inscribed for futurity to expose; every fabric possesses the imprint of sorrow at the loom, every rich lace and velvet decoration is inscribed with the tears of the poor plodding artisan, and the sigh of the widowed worker is enregistered on high.

You start at my declaration of accountability, that even the fabric will witness against its inventor, producer, and dealer, for every peculiarity; accountability does and must exist to the most minute end, and no artifice can avoid the responsibility, for wherever the labor of intelligence rests it is a record for an hereafter, to investigate, reward, and punish. Man cannot make an impress upon matter that can be effaced, it becomes an evidence of intelligence and a product of thought action, for there being no thought or mind in matter, *matter becomes the expression of mind, or the intelligence in man, and it is this special application of substance that is inscribed with the thought action as recording evidence of the applied mental power.*

I have thus indulged in a deviation to show you how important *life is* and that the misapplication of this power in the human race is pregnant with a fearful result. But we were in search of an evidence of virtue in the store as existing with those connected with it. When we look upon the array of attendants, busily employed, serving purchasers, can we trace contentment in the countenance, or an honest smile of pleasure in the performance of duty? Alas, no; they move with the regularity of mechanism, and perform their allotted task with a sullen indifference; there is no activity in the mind, or one single evidence of an interest in the duty. There is a reluctant attention and a concealed indifference; the mental power is oppressed and acts upon the respective bodies automatically; there is no appearance of a single good wish toward the welfare of the employer; these attendants move with the consciousness of an unuttered condemnation hanging, like the sword of Damocles, over them. Every movement is watched by others, hirelings also, *set as spies* over them, to search for defects and to record transgressions, so that the entire army of servants are arrayed against one another as delinquents; not encouraged for fidelity in duty, but defamed for error.

Such is the aspect of the open mart; let us look into the recording office and see the machinery that conducts the huge building. Sure-

By we will find here intelligence of a high order and principle of a pure quality. The administration of such power must be free from defect, or else it could not continue in action. We enter the private office, where the principal motive power is, and what do we behold — one man ruling over many, and arranging their minds as the attendants arrange the goods; order in subjugation, obedience, through coercive application, all mechanical training, not one life evidence of thankfulness or pleasure. The wonderful mental power of the mover is that of a slave in thought, the bondsman of avarice, cupidity entraps him as in a garment, and its principle tinges everything; from his own mind issues the magnetic influence of selfish desire and worldly pride, and as he, in his thought action, labors through his hirelings, do each and all study to benefit themselves according to the opportunity given.

Thus, "as you sow, you reap"; avarice and pride never produce honesty or fidelity, or promote it in hirelings; the spirit is at war with the soul, and it has no confidence in mortality, hence on earth it reaps riches with curses, and a temporary importance with the agony of a conscious hatred. As you see this exhibition of the unerring law, as "ye mete it shall be measured to you," in this pile of accumulating dross, so do you trace the same principle of worldly business rule in every other. There is not one store or counting-house in this great city that is conducted by equity, or regulated by the golden rule.

These may seem cruel expressions, denoting severity in judgment; but when you pause to reflect what equity is, and the principle embraced in the "Golden Rule," you must own that, according to your individual experiences as mortals, there is more shadow than substance in the assertion that you *may have met* with either; for the purity embraced in these expressions is of the highest order, and the human family has not yet reached the pathway that is illuminated by this principle. Equity, love, and truth are the divine orders of eternity, that will ultimately prevail, and be the governing laws of all; but at present we have to deal with irregularity, diversions and improprieties, that are retarding their acceptance and producing acrimonious strife in the world. Our duty is to prepare you for the adoption of these rules, and this can only be effected by laying open to your consciences the disfigurements that disgrace your present condition, producing that self-conviction, that can alone inaugurate the necessary change that must precede the reformation.

Before I commence my personal experience you must kindly permit me to draw your attention to the leading features of commercial action that distinguishes your period. There never has been in the world's history a time more marked for peculiarity of effects than these closing years of the 19th century; this nation is now passing through convulsive reaction in her national, commercial, and domestic avenues of intercourse, springing out and still intimately connected with your second revolution, the effects of which will extend in duration far beyond the period of the first, as it is so closely connected with hereditary prejudices and human passions. Your first revolution found you a united people in feeling and judgment against a foreign foe; your cause was popular, as conferring an observance of natural rights; privileges of justice was denied you and you fought with resolution for that freedom from a foreign taxation that is inherent in every breast. You gained your birthright, and proclaimed equality as equity, and that this equity should distinguish America as a nation on the earth. Such was your opening historic chapter, as a national community, and you so profess it, even to this hour. "Equality of Rights," and privilege is the constitutional foundation of this nation — a shield of brightness, a gem glittering with beauty.

To lay a foundation for a nation it is very requisite that Truth should be the most distinguishing feature, and that every care should be observed to maintain its prominence, so that future generations, when considering national histories, their rise and progress, can see that the proclamation of America for admittance as a national formation, was strictly adhered to, and faithfully adopted and carried out; that the revolt of the provinces were justified by success, and distinguished by their adherence to their declaration of independence, on the basis of equality.

Can this query of Eternity be replied to by the averment of the historian? Alas, no; not

even in this day, let alone futurity. The declaration of formation was abandoned, swept away as principle by the wave of success, but its truth was not and cannot be destroyed; you may encrust it with chicanery, and impede its power by artifice, but you never can extinguish it, you never can hide it from view; it will rise up in its might, and after many wavering glimpses of its existence in struggling contestation, assert its empire and rule over you by an irresistible force; for, as a nation, you proclaimed equality as a right, and by that law you will be judged.

It is unnecessary for me to enter at length upon the sad causes, consequences, and continuations of your second revolution. Daily evidence is before you of its perpetuation. Its foundation lay in your own departure from your declaration, and it continues to stain and retard you as a nation, in every avenue of mutual intercourse, national intercourse, and governmental guidance. To the first relinquishment of your binding tie among the nationalities of the earth can be traced the lessons you are receiving. You solemnly invoked a divine principle for a national feature and that principle must and will govern you ultimately, as a nation. Equality or Equity between man and man among all the nations of the earth is the enregistered tie of the American nation to her God, and the appeal is not in vain.

It never seemingly appears to enter into the mind of man to consider that the Founder of Creation is also the Sustainer of Creation; that a perpetuation of power is essentially necessary to sustain as to create; that were there a trifling suspension of the regulating force, confusion, disarrangement, and disruption would at once ensue, consequently there could be no irregularity in creation, and a right comprehension of nature and her works must not and cannot be connected with imperfection; the mental power in the structural creations of nature must either partake of the properties of the creation, or be superior to it; it must either be in unison or in subjection, it cannot be independent; if the latter, where would be the necessity for the union, for the present working manifestation of the union between matter and mind is *contestation not harmony*, doubts, despair, fear, as the mortal experiences and eruptive distortions the features of the material; therefore, the question naturally presents itself, why is this? Whence the cause of the irregularities that are apparent in the human family, and equally traceable in all the structural creations? The solution is in one word — Refinement.

The entire law of creation is one principle throughout, progressive refinement, equally in matter and the mind; both advance in *ratio* together. It would be an irregularity for either to be in advance of the other; therefore, the numerous phases have to be regarded as progressive distinctions, not absolute changes, all pointing to one end, the *present ever, the past, and the future an eternal advance*. There can be no ultimate to either, for that means termination, and such a conclusion would signify that there was a limit to creation, and a boundary to the Almighty's power, and this would be an absurdity.

Speculations of the mind are natural, being as much an evidence of the refining process in the mind as the growth and strength of the frame is of the body (matter), and when the natural frame falls asunder and releases the spiritual body, that body is a refinement of the natural only, and not a distinct formation. The unity between matter and mind is eternal. Man has so surrounded himself by speculative theories of the inferiority of matter in consequence of the ignorance of the mind, that it requires innumerable lessons of fluctuating causes and effects to eradicate the error, so as to permit the truth of nature to rule; hence, all your mundane changes are essential, and each generation of the human race have distinguishing features, marking the progress line of matter and mind in contestation and in unity; both bearing relative evidences of refinement, through the avenues of experience.

The history of the world presents to you an endless exhibit of changes, occasioned by eruptive contestation. The physical features of the globe, undergoing mighty alterations by volcanic action, which action is a progress in the crude material, affecting both the interior of the globe and its surface, as well as emitting innumerable invisible emanations for the spiritual hemisphere. Mind keeping pace with these causes by its changes of action, through contest, also these nearly perpetual alterations

in the department of mundane life, from the first structural formation to the ultimate man. A brief view of the action of man shows his restless desire for change in every position of his career, he is never satisfied two days together, or two hours, with the same surrounding attachments, hence his wars of disputation, from his domestic home to the national community, all tending to one purpose, refinement of his present. There is *ever* some point of dissatisfaction to urge on disputation, that leads to a change; therefore, in considering any action, we have a long avenue of eruptive causes to investigate, before we can judge with accuracy or condemn with justice.

These remarks are required in order to impress upon the reader that, in considering the features of this day, as exhibited by man in active, material life, we must keep in view the past slow growth of refinement, and the crustation of the mind. We must not condemn because we cannot justify; but we must apply our tendency to condemnation in the light of an exhortation to improvement, and with this desire and intention I begin to lay before you the record of my earthly experience, giving vent to my feelings as evidences of production called forth by the causes referred to, not as an indulgence, as earthly things having passed away. *I require them not*; but with a hope that the recounting of them and their effects may produce a wiser consideration in others.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

#### THE HOLLOW GLOBE.

PROF. LYON ON PROF. VAN HYATT.

Prof. P. Van Hyatt has come all the way from California to weigh the "Hollow Globe in a balance," and to instruct the natives concerning "the Lost Arts." So the world goes; I remained in California eighteen years, and concluded, from spirit instruction, that our world was a beautiful spherical shell, constructed upon the most economical principles, or without any reckless waste of material; that it possesses two surfaces instead of one, thus giving it double the room upon which to transact the business for which worlds seem to be produced. While our friend Hyatt only remained three years to ascertain positively that it's a great unwieldy hulk, filled brim full of liquid fire or molten lava. To quote an inspiration from the Scottish bard, he has

"Built inside a fire in Hellish form  
Where ev'n sinners canna' go to warm."

California is truly a wonderful country, producing greater marvels than golden placers or giant squashes. We thank the editor for informing us that the lucubration of our friend is a very able historical criticism upon the Hollow Globe, for we certainly never should have suspected it as such had he not told us the fact. Indeed, if our critic had simply told the public that we had disposed of one edition and had another, somewhat improved, on sale at Adrian, we should consider the article an excellent advertisement. We never claimed to know a great deal about the construction of worlds, and have simply written the general ideas given by a so-called delegation of spirits. Still the writer of the Hollow Globe would modestly say that he was somewhat familiar with every idea contained in his criticism, which is any way relevant to our book, even before he had written the first word. Every thought presented by him is taken from books that were extant long before the writer ever saw Dr. Sherman, the medium, through whose organization the substance of our work was given. Previous to writing the book, personally I was engaged in the Produce business in the city of Sacramento, and when told I would write a book of a somewhat scientific nature, I considered it perfectly preposterous. The numerous literary imperfections in the work give evidence of an unpracticed hand, and the marvel is that it ever attracted the least attention from an intelligent public, and I am almost filled with wonder that the learned Professor should devote an entire lecture to the demolition of such a "silly book" as the Hollow Globe.

I suppose our friend is a real, genuine Professor. Now I am only bogus; my friends insisted on calling me such, and I have simply let it go without making any ado, one way or the other.

We published the book with more or less misgivings, knowing full well that it must stand or fall upon its own intrinsic merits, expecting if it was worthy of notice at all it would be criticised severely, and that perhaps

our pet, over whom we had expended so much anxious care, and nourished into a precarious life, might be torn limb from limb, and immolated before our eyes. We did not anticipate the least mercy from those who had been educated in theories widely at variance from the one presented in our work: but we never dreamed that the "hollow thing" could be done for and smashed up so very easily. In our innocence, we had really supposed it would be necessary to notice, to a certain extent, the reasoning contained in the various chapters of the work, and prove their fallacy, before a critic could say with propriety, the whole thing "had been weighed in a balance and found wanting." I will say, however, before we perform the last sad rites, and consign the Hollow Globe to an ignoble tomb, that there are some men, of no inconsiderable scientific attainments, who pronounce the theory advanced in our book, upon the structure of worlds, by far the most rational of any yet presented, and further, that it has found a very large number of ardent admirers among persons of culture and intelligence. This will be a source of consolation to its friends when nothing remains of the hollow thing but the simple *Hic jacet* over its slumbering dust.

We may now notice as briefly as possible, whatever our learned critic has said in his effusion at all relevant to the book, passing over silently the major portion of the article, which has no reference to the subject in question; but seems put in simply for literary display as well as an evidence of extended research in "the musty pages of antiquity for the history of great events."

He says, "I must say I have no stock in the hollow thing." Well, we never supposed he had; we never asked him or any one else to take any stock, and so far have manifested little anxiety concerning that matter. Dr. Sherman and myself own the whole concern, copyright, plates and all, and if it dies we suffer the loss, and hope to do so with becoming fortitude.

He further says, "It is a wild theory, based upon false premises and supported by bad philosophy." That is simply his assertion, and until backed up and proven by some substantial argument, weighs nothing. The simplest noddy can say as much as that upon any subject he does not even comprehend. It would have been better to have deferred this remark until he had shown such to be the case, by sound logic.

Again, he informs us that "Nature knows no such thing as a hollow globe." Nature certainly does, for it must have produced the "pumpkin kicked from the stump," and it seems to know about soap bubbles and the cranial development on top of our critic's spinal column, which, if depleted of a few ounces of viscous material, usually called brains, would be a "hollow thing," if not a hollow globe.

Further, he says, "Melted lead falling from the top of a shot-tower assumes the shape of an exact sphere. No hollow there!" This fact might "assume the shape" of evidence concerning the structure of our earth, if it could be proven that the material of which it is composed was, when in a condition as dense as lead, precipitated from a shot-tower of sufficient capacity into a vat containing the requisite quantity of oil. But as this fact cannot be proven, and as our critic says it was originally a fluid globe, and the savans hold it to have been an extremely etherialized gaseous fluid at that, we may safely look upon the introduction of this fact in evidence concerning the structure of our world as, to quote his own language, "very bad philosophy." We may introduce as an offset another little operation in nature, of a somewhat analogous character. A boy takes a quantity of soap and water and perches upon the housetop, he blows some of this fluid from a pipe, and diminutive Hollow Globes float away upon the atmosphere. Now, to quote his language, "the philosophy of the globe cares not for the bulk of matter embodied in the operation, from the diminutive bird shot [or soap bubble] to the planet." Some hollow there, surely, friend Van Hyatt. Now, I do not offer this in evidence at all, but the analogy is far better than the shot-tower operation, because the soap bubble is a very etherial fluid, and approximates much nearer the gaseous condition of our world in its earlier stages.

Our critic tells us that "Now the question comes in full form before us, Was the earth a molten mass in its early condition? All science answers, Yes." Mistake again. Science

never answers anything about the matter. Science, properly speaking, is a knowledge of facts. No individual in the wide world knows that the earth is filled with a mass of molten lava. It is simply a theory or opinion held by a large number of persons of greater or less scientific attainments, among whom may be numbered our critic, together with nearly every village pedagogue in our land. All these accept as science, without much investigation, the acknowledged hypothetical assumptions and theories of more eminent men, and heresy in science, with them, is as much a crime as heresy in religion is with the pious devotee.

He informs us positively that "Comets are but planets or worlds in a primitive condition." I simply inquire if our critic knows this to be a fact, and also if he knows that our earth, or Jupiter, or the other planets, were once comets, revolving in extremely erratic orbits. I would like also to know what position the new planets will take when other comets assume the planet form; will they revolve inside the orbit of Mercury or outside that of Neptune? And the process by which these orbits are rounded, and the Sun assumes its position at a more central foci. It might be well also, to state at about what time they pass through the shot-tower process, and whether that has anything to do with the production of the interior molten lava. It would also be interesting to know the process by which these new planets are provided with their attendant satellites. It is to be presumed that our critic well understands all the minutia attending the transformation of comets into planets, or he never would have ventured so positive an assertion. We had heard of the existence of comets even before we wrote the Hollow Globe.

He remarks that "the presence of a vast reservoir of melted matter in the interior of the earth is proven from the uniform increase of temperature from the surface to the center." Another huge blunder for an able critic to make, for nothing of the kind is or can be proven, as no one knows that this uniform increase of temperature continues to the center, or to a point over 3,000 feet beneath the surface. There is a distance of nearly 4,000 miles between the center and the deepest exploration ever made, either in mines or artesian wells, and no person living knows absolutely, or proximately, the temperature that exists in all that long distance. All that the savans could ever say in relation to this matter is, if the temperature continues to increase in the same manner, the heat must become intense, but that terrible if has always been in the way, and remains there still. There is evidently an entirely different cause for this increasing temperature beneath the surface of the earth, and as we have treated upon this subject at length in the Hollow Globe, we need not repeat the arguments here. When the internal heat theory was elaborated by LaPlace, and quite generally adopted by scientific men, there were no explorations beneath the earth's surface to a greater depth than 1,800 feet, and it was then ascertained that the mean increase of temperature was about one degree Fahrenheit to forty-five or fifty feet up to that depth. But since that time an artesian well has been sunk to the enormous depth of 3,847 feet at St. Louis, and below 3,000 feet, at which point the thermometer registered 107°, the temperature fell one degree in about 125 feet. The second and last trial showed 105°, but the reporter does not say at what depth this observation was made. So we have positive proof that in this instance the increase of temperature does not continue, but that it is merely a superficial phenomena, caused doubtless by electro-magnetic activities. It is said that in Europe an artesian well has been sunk far deeper, and that the temperature has become very cold, but we do not make the statement upon authority.

I suppose Sir Charles Lyell, Prof. Parrot, and many other eminent men, have been quite well aware of the existence of thermal springs, volcanoes, and earthquakes, and yet they did not endorse the molten lava theory. In fact, I have visited some thermal springs in the State of Nevada, where the heat of the water was entirely sufficient to boil eggs, or even your dinner, but I did not conceive that they were proof positive that a vast globe of molten lava, 7,920 miles in diameter, existed within our earth, enclosed by a frail crust, perhaps forty miles in thickness. Neither do we consider the geysers of Iceland or California, nor any or all of the 300 volcanoes upon our globe, evidence of any such fact. It does appear to

me that if our critic had perused the different chapters of the Hollow Globe carefully, particularly those upon the Igneous Theory, Volcanoes, Earthquakes, and Natural Forces, his criticism, if he calls it such, would have been quite of another character. It would seem that he might have been induced to have noticed the reasoning in those chapters at least, and not disposed of the "hollow thing" in such a summary manner. We simply remark that "the 300 volcanoes distributed over the surface of the globe" do not furnish evidence of the existence of any such internal reservoir of liquid fire." And in the absence of whys and wherefores, of which he has not given a single one, our assertion must be as good as his, and better if we back it up with substantial argument.

The hundreds of extinct volcanoes to one which is active, prove most conclusively that the causes are local and not universal, for if the craters of the extinct volcanoes had been vents or chimney holes, extending through the crust into the great globe of liquid fire, by what process could their fires have been quenched, and would there be any less necessity for these vent-holes now than formerly? Numerous volcanoes have burst out under the sea, raising up islands, which have again disappeared. Now, admit the possibility that these marine volcanoes opened up a chimney hole through the entire crust, from this imaginary mass of molten lava upward to the bottom of the ocean, what does our learned critic suppose would be the result? He tells us of a remarkable eruption upon one of the Sandwich Islands, at which the lava traveled forty miles, and in this partially cooled condition poured into the sea, producing most frightful hissing and explosions for near three weeks. In the vicinity of Pittsburgh, at a foundry, a cauldron of molten iron was accidentally precipitated into a pool of water, producing an explosion of a most fearful character, which destroyed everything within its influence. Suppose for a moment that an opening or crater of a mile, or even a half mile in diameter, could be made from the bottom of the ocean, where it is one mile or more in depth, to this supposed globe of molten lava within, we simply ask any intelligent reader of this paper how long our little globe could stand the shock of the explosions which would necessarily follow? Every well informed person understands quite well that the immediate contact of such a body of water with a mass of molten or liquid fire, but a millionth part as large as our globe, would produce explosions sufficient to tear our earth into fragments in the twinkling of an eye.

The fluid elements, electro-magnetism, are eliminated from caloric and vapor in the heavens during a thunder storm, in the steam boiler when it explodes, and doubtless during the eruption of volcanoes, but these elements have never been manufactured upon so grand a scale as they would be if we had a mass of molten lava within our globe, over 7,900 miles in diameter, heated to more than 7000° Fahrenheit, with an ocean five miles in depth superimposed and only separated by a few miles of treacherous granite and sedimentary rocks.

But as our friend's criticism is to be continued, and not to make this article too lengthy, we close until we hear further.

Now, friend Van Hyatt, don't be discouraged, be sure and let us hear from you again. We'll try and be around with a reply, and if you hold out as well as you have commenced, and friend Wilson will publish, we seem likely to have a right lively little skirmish before you get this Hollow Globe fairly weighed. We can't always tell who or what will be found wanting until after the battle.

WM. F. LYON.

Adrian, Sept. 27, 1875.

The French Geographical Society not only rewards successful explorers, but aids those about to set out upon difficult expeditions. It has lately furnished two thousand francs to M. Douraux-Dupéré, now on his way to Timbuctoo; a like sum to M. Francis Garnier, to defray his expenses in exploring the Blue River in China; and fifteen hundred francs to M. Marche and M. Compiegne, who are trying to reach Livingstone and the great lakes of Central Africa, by proceeding inland along the course of the river Ogowe.

A Swiss paper reports the discovery at Wezikon of what is said to be the most ancient evidence yet known of the existence of man. It consists in a kind of net-work of pointed fur poles, covered with wicker-work. The slate coal in which it has been found belongs to the period intervening between the two glacial epochs.

#### For the Spiritualist at Work. JUDGE WARD AND THE WITCHES.

A short time since I saw, somewhere in my newspaper readings, a statement that Allen Putnam, of Boston, had written a book on the Salem Witchcraft, in which he exculpates Cotton Mather and others from complicity in putting to death the so-called witches at Salem. I am prompted to ask the editor to please give place in the columns of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK the following article, which I prepared and published some seven years ago, in correction of Longfellow, the poet, in the matter of his volume: The New England Tragedies. That article will, perhaps, correct Mr. Putnam in his extenuation of Mather and his clerical brethren.

Mr. Longfellow's poem, The New England Tragedies, having been published, and remembering to have seen, in the rooms of J. V. Mansfield, Esq., a relic of the olden time, belonging to one of the judges who sentenced to death the so-called witches, I called on Mr. M. to consult the judge concerning the witchcraft.

From its beginning, having been "called to be an apostle" of Spiritualism, Mr. M. has been identified with that greatest movement of the present age, as a test writing medium. This is his *forte*. There is no better exponent of the evidences of the truth and divinity of this new religion. Through him most largely have been contributed invaluable testimonies from the Spirit Realm, to establish its claims upon the credence of all mankind.

Indulging his taste for things curious and antiquated, or historically associated, the reception rooms of Mr. M., besides their spiritual prestige to render them attractive to visitors, have much of the air and style of a miniature picture gallery, or well-arranged museum of carefully selected and curious articles, artificial and natural. Among the many valuable and choice curiosities here clustering, may be seen suspended from the wall of the parlors, an article thus labeled:

"This cane belonged to Judge Ward, who condemned and hanged the so-called witches, in Salem, Mass., A. D. 1680."

How suggestive this historic memorandum and its subject! How significant the flowing lines of Longfellow, portraying the tragic deeds of those days:

"Who would believe that in the quiet town  
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown  
The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny farms  
That fo'd it safe in their paternal arms—  
Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,  
Where the great elms shut out the summer heats,  
Where quiet reigns, and breathes through bräu and  
breast  
The benediction of unbroken rest—  
Who would believe such deeds could find a place  
As those whose tragic history we retrace?"

Thinking I might, perhaps, get a response to an inquiry concerning the above mentioned cane or walking-stick, on the occasion of my call, and finding Mr. M. disengaged and willing, at the time, to allow me a few minutes, he bade me sit at his table and write. So long time ago was it since I had examined the cane and the note attached thereto, that I really had forgotten the name of the reputed ancient owner. I revolved it in my mind whether it would be consistent, with that abundant caution demanded by skeptics, for me to arise and examine the cane and its label—though not skeptical myself, nor believing it possible for my medium friend to deceive me in any respect, but for the sake of others, however, to whom I might relate my adventure, I deemed it best to remain sitting, and to proceed with my letter addressed in blank. While writing, the medium sat on the opposite side of the room, at a distance rendering it impossible to discern what I wrote. When finished, I folded my writing so as to render it impossible to be read by any mortal eye, and gave it to Mr. M. He proceeded further to fold my paper, looking on vacancy or out at the window, folding and enfolding the same till its folds were eight in number, being reduced to small dimensions—this roll he enveloped in another like paper, with several more enfoldments. I sat in his presence and saw his every motion until the reply was written, and well know that he could not and did not see, or learn from me in any way, the contents of my letter. The following is a copy of the enfolded writing:

"Will Judge ——, the reputed owner of the walking-stick, or rather bludgeon, now kept in these parlors as a curiosity by my friend Mansfield, please to inform me whether the stick is the veritable one with which he used to walk in his earth life? Also please to state whether the facts and circumstances of his day, denominated then and now, DELUSIONS, by the clergy and churches (which allow me to call the successors of the old Scribes and Pharisees), were such indeed, or were they realities, and deserving our credence as Spiritualists? And to make any other statements which he may deem advisable in this behalf.

HORACE DRESSER."

The above was answered as follows:

"MY STRANGER FRIEND:—Have you thought to invoke my spirit to earth again, after more than one hundred and seventy-five years a dweller of the land of souls? The object of which, I see, is to verify records or footprints of the past. Yes, that is the identical oak sapling I cut with my own hand, on or near the place where several innocent peo-

ple were hanged for that which they could not help any more than they could help breathing. I sat in judgment over them but verily thought I was doing God service when I condemned them to die. Mather and others influenced me, no doubt, much to do as I did. Yes, that is the identical cane used by me as a walking stick. I am, JOSHUA WARD.

To Horace Dresser,  
28th December, 1868."

I am sorry that Mr. Longfellow, in his new poem, "The New England Tragedies," and his publisher, in his advertisement, have, unfortunately, characterized the so-called witchcraft of those days as a delusion, in that there was no delusion; the delusion was on the side of the clerical persecutors. In this, my opinion, the grave official, in his communication above, fully concurs.

"Delusions of the days that once have been,  
Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,  
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts  
That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest hearts,  
These are our theme."

There is too much true Spiritualism in much of his poetry to warrant him thus to misapply the term. He well knows that the substantial, scientific Spiritualism of to-day and that which the ignorance and bigotry of Mather and his ministerial associates denominated witchcraft, are identical, and evinced by the same spiritual phenomena, and are no delusions. His beautiful poems, "Footsteps of Angels," "Haunted Houses," etc., have been received into the sacred uses of song and sentiment by Spiritualism. Is what he has sung so sweetly in this behalf mere fancy and allowable only under poetic license?

This new volume of poems, upon which I have drawn in the quotations above, is timely and very appropriately named Tragedies. It exhibits the atrocities of Puritanism toward the Spiritualists and Quakers of the early days and settlement of this country. But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*; otherwise we should see enacted in our midst the same scenes toward the Spiritualists of this generation. The animus of Cromwell's Puritans in New England, with their God-service in the use of gibbets, and in their songs and benedictions of the blessed institution of the scaffold, uttered with "nasal twang of conventicle," and the heart throbs of Charles' cavaliers in the Carolians, and elsewhere in the South, in the establishment of slavery as a divine institution, with their indulgence in bacchanalian orgies and was-sailings in its praise and worship, are discernable to-day in their descendants, but powerless in the uses of halter at Salem, or of the lash and chains at Jamestown, to annihilate Spiritualism in the one place, or to perpetuate slavery in the other.

I am glad that the muse of poetry has crystallized the facts and circumstances of the days of Cotton Mather and his cruel church compeers into gems of immortal verse, by which, as in a mirror, the malignities and inhumanities of priestcraft may be forever reflected through the ages, to stir up detestation of their enormities and of the theology that incited them. Let every Spiritualist open the pages of Mather's *Magnolia*, if he can endure such nausea as it will provoke, and see what a specimen it is of pedantry, intolerance, and ignorance of science, spiritual or natural. What man of the least scientific attainment can help laughing at him, on reading his nonsensical jargon on the philosophy of thunder and lightning, delivered to his congregation on the occasion of their escape from destruction by a terrific thunder storm.

Spiritualism, notwithstanding the hatred and hostility toward it of the churches and their bigoted clerical teachers, is fast permeating the hearts and minds of the people. The conduct of these teachers is in manifest conflict with the doctrines of Paul, the apostle, to whom they pretend to give heed. He declares to them, "Now, concerning spiritual phenomena, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." —(*J. Cor. xii. 12.*) Its foundations rest on spiritual phenomena. Their examination leads into the vast fields of philosophy and science. In their explanation are involved the laws which govern universal mind and matter.

Let us rejoice! The eclipse of Old Error is passing away from the heavens; the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, are brightening the expanse; truth fallen prostrate on the earth, shall have glorious resurrection; the great fountains of joy to humanity are flung open and are streaming forth their glad waters for the healing of all peoples.

"and Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God."

Here endeth my article, penned in criticism of Longfellow and Mather. Now what Mr. Putnam has found in his researches, that warrants him to write in defense of Mather and the clergy of his time I know not. But I commend to his consideration, the communication of Judge Joshua Ward. Mr. P. is a resolute and immovable spiritualist, a learned scholar and an able man in all respects.

Mr. Longfellow's utterances and movements among mediums and Spiritualists, while on his recent European travels, at Florence, *et cibicungue*, were such as to mislead an honorable body of British believers—they first took him to be a Spiritualist, and enrolled his name upon their records; conferring some post of honor. But he disclaimed the faith.

HORACE DRESSER.

## The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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### TO OUR READERS.

We call upon you to remember us in our cause. Many of you owe us from \$1.10 to \$2.20; we need it. Our printers need it. It is our due; you have had value received, dollar for dollar, and if we were disposed to print the written approvals of our cause it would fill one full page of our paper each issue; but we prefer for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK to speak for itself, and it is doing so.

And now, dear readers, after reading this, pause and think for a moment that for the past hundred days we have been most of the time closeted with Farmer Mary, who, through the vulgar and unmanly abuse of the *R.-P. Journal* and its editor, has been prostrated and nigh unto death, and with no prospect of release from illness before spring. You like our paper, we like to furnish it. Come, help us publish the best Spiritual paper in the West, and only equaled by the dear old *Banner of Light*. Come to our help, we need it.

The Minnesota Spiritualists will hold a mass meeting in Minneapolis, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th inst. All are invited. E. V. Wilson, seer, speaker, and medium, will be present, and give one or more of his wonderful seances.

Let every one of our three hundred readers in Minnesota be on hand. Let New Ulm, St. James, Mankato, Lake City, Winona, Austin, Winnebago City, St. Cloud, Sioux Rapids, Rochester, and every other place where our paper is read, come up to this mass meeting. We cordially invite President Soul, ex-President Feathers, Sister Welch, and Bro. Potter to be on hand. Our platform is a free one, and free speech will be tolerated when spoken with due regard to the use of language.

Abusive language on the platform or in the press is not freedom, but the worst kind of tyranny. Pio Nino never breathed forth a more outrageous order than that uttered in the call of the secretary of the Minnesota State Annual Convention of Spiritualists, viz., "We say to any and all those tintured with the doctrine of social freedom, you are *not invited* to the feast." And behold, out of near one thousand members belonging to the State organization in Minnesota, thirty-eight answered the call, and seventeen of these left; twenty-one pure Spiritualists remained!

This reminds us of a call on the Lecture Bureau from a society of Christian young men out West: "Send us a first-class lecturer, one who is not tintured with Spiritualism or Woman's Rights, and none other." The answer came, "We can send you a — fool; all others are tintured."

RIDLEY PARK, DEL. CO., PA.,  
Oct. 16, 1875.

E. V. WILSON—*Dear Sir:* I am not aware of having subscribed to THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, it comes regularly nevertheless. Please credit me with the enclosed five dollars subscription, and acknowledge receipt.

Respectfully yours, LOUIS BELROSE.

REMARKS.—Your name was sent us and one dollar, paying for 26 numbers; we do not know who sent it.

We have full one thousand subscribers whose time is nearly out. Each of these subscribers are able to go and do likewise; this would put our paper on a sure paying basis for three years to come. Why not do it? All who read THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK affirm that it is equal to the *Banner of Light* and superior to any other Spiritual paper ever published, so far as tests are concerned.

And now that we have proved ourselves worthy, faithful, and true, come help us sustain our paper; we need your help.—ED.

### NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Closed their thirteenth quarterly meeting at Union Hall, in Belvidere, on Sunday evening, October 17th, with a fair audience, and that, too, with a fee at the door of twenty-five cents admission. The attendance was small, averaging sixty-five delegates from the country, including six from Belvidere, at the day sessions and one hundred and five at evening sessions.

The speaking was noted for ability, argument, and freshness of thought. The subjects discussed were practical, educational. The family as the foundation of society, the freedom of speech, and religion of Spiritualism. The speakers were Dr. Severance, Prof. T. H. Stewart, E. V. Wilson, Norman and Moses Pratt.

Mrs. Dr. Severance spoke on Self Culture, a Proper Generation, and the Social Relations of the Marriage Contract, announcing her confidence in the monogamic law, when based or founded on love. Her speech may be summed up in the following brief statement:

I believe in love as the sole foundation for the union of the sexes, and that marriage outside of love is an unholy condition and founded in lust, and that it is an impure state. \* \* And that whoever lives in this condition or marriage is living in a state that is sinful and dangerous to the welfare of the human family.

\* \* One of two things is certain, and that is mankind live a pure and hallowed life in love, or an impure and unhallowed life in lust; and where love rules there is no divorce, and where lust rules there is divorce. What are the causes of divorce? Seven out of every ten divorces are the results of neglect, caused by foreign influences or enforced lust, and woman can have no protection from man's sensual nature until she has full and complete control of herself, soul, body, and acts. This is what we demand.

T. H. Stewart gave two lectures on Science that, for breadth of thought and purity of ideas, have never been equaled in Belvidere or elsewhere. We wish we had the lectures for publication. They were logical, practical, radical, and progressive. In fact, all he said was pure golden thoughts from a well-informed mind. Mr. Stewart is a free-thinker and a Spiritualist; he knows no pope, arbitrator, or dictator; is fearless and ready to work for the truth, the right. Spiritualists of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin can do no better than to employ this grand old war-horse. We have secured him for our fourteenth quarterly meeting which will be held in Rockford, Ill., on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of January, 1876.

Moses Pratt, of West Milton, Wis., is a man of thought, and practical in all that he says or does, a true man always accompanied with his wife, as are all or most of all of those who attend our quarterly meetings.

Norman Pratt is an earnest man new in the field, and enthusiastic. We hear some wonderful stories about his development; if true, that borders on the marvelous. There were others who took part in the conference.

Altogether this, the thirteenth quarterly meeting, was a success, when we consider the efforts made to crush it out, and trample under foot the rights of man; and was far more a success than either the Dubuque or Nashua Camp-meetings in Iowa, or the Convention of the Minnesota State Association, that met at St. Paul, under the dictation of pure Spiritualism (?), who elected a president that this same Convention rejected on the score of improper deeds, in 1873.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists are a living fact to-day, and will continue so.

The Convention adjourned to meet on invitation in Rockford, Ill., with the distinct understanding that there will be no dictation in this invitation. All are invited, and all are expected to act with one accord for the advancement of the cause, Spiritualism.

We the undersigned, Spiritualists and citizens living in Rockford, Belvidere, St. Charles, Ill., cordially extend an invitation to the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists to hold their fourteenth quarterly meeting in Wood's Hall, Rockford, Ill., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Jan. 14, 15, and 16, 1876, at which time we wish to take into consideration the call of an inter-State Convention, to meet in Chicago, in March, 1876.

A. J. Story, A. H. Fisher, Mrs. S. S. Fisher, F. H. Barnard, Mrs. Barnard, E. S. Smith, Mrs. S. E. B. Smith, Mrs. M. J. Rockwood, Zilpha Harnden, J. W. Field, Mrs. P. Lilli-

bridge, and Henry Harnden, all of Rockford, Winnebago Co., Ill.

Hiram Bidwell, C. Morse, Mrs. C. Morse, Mrs. A. Merrill, U. B. Matteson, Mrs. L. Roberts, and others, of Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill.

Garrett Norton, Mrs. Garrett Norton, J. W. Cowan, St. Charles, Ill.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will accept the call of these, the friends of free speech, free religion, free thought, and the right of man, and assure our friends that this Convention will honor their call in carrying out the best interests of humanity, progression here and hereafter, and while we pledge ourselves to be governed by strict parliamentary usages, we recognize no dictation, no pope or other arbitrary ruler. We extend to all Spiritualists and liberal-minded men and women an invitation to meet us in Rockford in January, 1876, and forever stamp out the effort to saddle upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists a dictator.

The crisis is at hand, and it is victory or death. We, the Spiritualists, must take our place in the ranks of Religions, or as chaff be blown away. The effort made by a few stay-at-home Spiritualists to dictate to the Spiritualists of the West is an utter failure, save in the abortive attempts at the Dubuque and Nashua Camp-meetings, or the Minnesota State annual meeting.

Now let us rally our forces and come out in our strength. Let Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri come, full 10,000 strong, and resolve to be what we are heirs to, viz., the world of progress, here and hereafter.

By order of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, in session at Belvidere, Ill., this the 17th day of October, 1875.

J. H. SEVERANCE, M.D., *Pres.*

E. V. WILSON, *Sec.*

Spiritual papers please copy.

### THE SPIRITUAL CAUSE.

*Christian*—Well, Bro. Wilson, how is the Spiritual cause?

*Wilson*—All is well. The cause is in good hands on the whole, and flourishing like a green bay tree.

C. Then you are pleased with the outlook, "and everything is lovely and the Spiritual goose hangs high"?

W. Yes, I am well pleased with the outlook and would not swap our goose for your gander, for he never hangs high.

C. I do not know what you mean by "your [our] gander." Please explain yourself.

W. I mean that your gander has lost his feathers, down and all, while our goose is full feathered, her wings spread on the air of progress, and not a quill gone or feather ruffled.

C. Upon my soul, I do not understand you.

W. Well, then, we will give you an eye-opener. Sixty-eight gospelers of Christ have petitioned Moody and Sankey to visit Chicago for the sole purpose of doing just what they cannot do, viz., to bring up, down, out, or into Chicago, God the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost; produce a revival.

C. I understand you; this is what you mean. Our Christian ministers could not get up a revival of the Holy Spirit in Chicago, therefore, our Spiritual gander has lost his feathers.

W. Exactly; besides the brawler of Brooklyn Tabernacle has outraged public decency by declaring from his pulpit that "Moody is greater than God." If this is not reincarnating the gander in the gosling, then I do not know the meaning of words.

C. I do not believe that Talmage made that statement, notwithstanding I saw it in the papers, for it is unlike him.

W. There you are mistaken; it is like him, and there are many statements on record from him that would subject the Infidel or Spiritual speaker to a prosecution for blasphemy. But to your gander once more. Let me ask you this question, Does the Holy Spirit use Bro. Moody for revival purposes? Answer, yes or no.

C. Yes, he does, and effectually, too.

W. Now, my Christian friend, you will stand by that statement, and I will apply it and contrast. Dr. Roberts uses me to convert Christians and Infidels to Spiritualism, and many are the men, women, and families that he has brought into Spiritualism through me. I am called a medium; what do you call Moody and Sankey?

C. My God, man, you do not mean to place yourself on an equality with Moody, thereby making yourself holy?

W. Why not, and where is the difference?

Moody is influenced to do these things, and pretends not that it is of himself. I am influenced to do these things and more, too; I can pray, preach, heal the sick, discern spirits, and speak the secrets of other men's hearts, thus converting Christians from your ranks into ours. Can Moody do all these things?

C. He is not a Spiritual medium and never was.

W. Now you are going behind your statement in answer to my question, viz., "Does the Holy Spirit use Bro. Moody for revival purposes?" Your answer, "Yes, he does, and effectually, too." Now, is God a spirit, or does not Moody act under the influence of the Holy Spirit? And if it be true, as by you declared?

C. That is not fair; what we mean by the Holy Spirit is not what you mean by spirit influence. What we, the great body of evangelical Christians, mean is this. That God, in a mysterious and marvelous way, breathes upon the people through such good men as Brothers Moody, Sankey, Whittle, and others, thus converting the people unto him.

W. Now stand to that position, will you, my good friend, and let us analyze it. 1. You have made our position perfectly fair, in that you have fully confirmed the statement in regard to the mediumship of Moody, Sankey, and company. 2. The use of the adjective holy is far-fetched and unwarranted, from the fact that a pure being or spirit can do no impure thing or unseemly deed, or make mistakes, or lose converts, for the moment one occurs the holy, perfect, or pure fails, and is no longer God; or to be considered in the superlative case, hence the use of the adjective is simply absurd, viz., that Moody, Sankey, and company are the messengers, mediums of God. Then he stoops to conquer.

C. I don't see it. God may and does use means for accomplishing his will or to carry out his purpose, therefore the facts are these; God the will, the human family the object of salvation, Moody and Sankey the means thro' which God accomplishes his will or purpose. Now do you understand me?

W. Full well, and your statement clearly proves our position. Now let me bring up a comparison. The Spiritual world seeing the failure of the credal systems of the day, wish to change the programme. They delegate certain Spiritual beings to represent the interests of the World of Spirits; these delegates select from among the men and women of our race, certain persons whom they influence to proclaim the Gospel of Progression; these persons are called mediums. Will you tell me the difference between the calling of Moody, Sankey & Co. and Wilson, Maxwell, Bangs & Co.?

C. You are a first rate sophist reasoner, and I feel confident that I can overthrow your position. 1. God is Master and does his work well. 2. There is no nonsense in his work, or that which he undertakes. 3. Conversion follows the effort he makes through his agent; and finally, Christianity is a triumph through the power and will of God, and wherever his agents go his work is manifested; instance the success of Moody and Sankey in Ireland and England and America. Besides, there is no table-tipping or spirit-rapping in this grand and heavenly influence brought to bear upon the people by the Holy Spirit, through Moody and Sankey.

BELVIDERE, ILL., Oct. 25, '75.

MR. E. V. WILSON—*Dear Sir:* I have looked over your paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, through, and like the tone of it very well. I enclose one dollar and ten cents, the subscription price for 26 copies, which you will please mail to my address. Very truly yours,

W. I. FOX.

REMARKS.—We thank the brother, and others who subscribed for our paper. We trust to be always worthy of your patronage, and continue our paper in the exalted tone of truth you find it now filled with, for we assure our readers that we publish a live paper and will continue to do so while we live, or while we publish THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Price, \$1.10 for 26 numbers. Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DUPAGE CO., ILL.

We call attention to Mrs. Sherman's advertisement on the eighth page. As a reader of character she has few if any equals. Send her your handwriting, lock of hair, or photo, and get a first-class reading of your past, present, and future.

## THE TREE, PURE SPIRITUALISM AND ITS FRUIT.

When the *R.-P. Journal* opened its batteries upon the Social Freedom question, we saw prophetically what would be the result, and pointed out to the editor just what would come to pass. When the *R.-P. Journal* began its crusade against Woodhull & Co. Spiritualism had a stronghold in every large city in the Union, that is, in the form of public meetings. Now, only New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington maintain meetings. Boston has not been disturbed, but each of these cities named have lost, and are not having as large audiences as they had before the *R.-P. Journal* commenced its crusade.

The State Associations in Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan have suffered terribly. In Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Illinois, the State organizations are dead, killed by the bitter and abusive policy of the editor of the *R.-P. Journal*. The Northern Illinois Association and the Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists have withstood this champion of virtue (?) and maintained their footing, and yet these organizations have been depleted by the false statements made by the paper referred to. And yet these organizations will live. In fact there never has been an organization of Spiritualists in America that the *R.-P. Journal* has not opposed. It is true that its editor did call together the Spiritualists at St. Charles to eat pork and beans and sleep on the floor of an old and tenantless house, and since the establishment of the *R.-P. Journal* and the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, these pork and beans conventions have been suspended.

And now we are reaping from his sowing. The First Society of Spiritualists, in Chicago, whose purity has dissolved the Lyceum and suspended their meetings, are virtually a dead letter; but here comes into Chicago the Woodhull, and fills McCormick's Hall to repletion. And on Sunday "the Gentle Wilson" fills Grow's Opera House at 25 cents a head. Now let the pure and immaculate editor of the *R.-P. Journal* or its "Fun is Phunny" correspondent try their hand before a Chicago audience, and give to the world results.

Mr. Collins Eaton, for eight years a leading member of the First Society of Spiritualists, states, "I have never seen Mr. Jones in our meeting, and do not know him by sight. As an officer of our society, I know nothing of him whatever, and there is but one opinion in regard to him, we have no use for him."

## THE RESULTS OF PURE SPIRITUALISM.

"We say to any and all those tintured with the doctrine of social freedom, you are not invited to the feast."—The Secretary's call for the Minn. State Convention.

Below we give the result, as published in the St. Paul *Dispatch* of Oct. 13th. It speaks for itself. What of the *R.-P. Journal's* powerful influence, that brought together just thirty-eight pure souls in all Minnesota? A friend of ours writes us that seventeen of these withdrew, leaving twenty-one. On reading this sad state of affairs we turned to the last Convention of the State Association we attended, and we found that our seance netted the State Association \$61, besides the free list. Need we contrast.

Read the following report carefully, it speaks for itself. And now that we have a powerful patron spirit and pope who can, through prostitution of principles, destroy a State organization in a brief year or two, what will be the general effect on the country at large in five years? We will wait and watch and see.

## FIGHT AMONG SPIRITUALISTS.

*Truth to Come Out about the Alleged Theft of Books by the State Lecturer—The Association Tottering.*

EDITOR ST. PAUL DISPATCH—Sir: As there have been several articles in your paper since the State Convention of Spiritualists, one from your reporter and one from an "Ex-Member," both purporting to give the proceedings of the Convention, and especially in connection with the schism in the Association, I desire to correct some of their statements and add some further information in relation to the proceedings.

The secretary having closed his call to the late convention with the words: "We say to any and all those tintured with the doctrine of social freedom, you are not invited to the feast," (the italics are mine,) and believing as many do that the so-called doctrines of social freedom should not be brought into the Convention or even discussed there, as they are no more germane to Spiritualism than the suffrage or currency questions, and the people may dif-

fer in relation to any of these and yet be honest, the following resolutions were offered by a Mr. Sweet:

"Resolved, That 'the high toned and elevating teachings of the new philosophy,' called Spiritualism, have abolished from among its professors all Procrustean creeds, leaving its disciples free to grow and progress onward and upward towards that truth which shall make us free indeed.

"Resolved, That the call for this Convention, made by the secretary of the State Association, prescribing a particular belief upon a question not germane to Spiritualism, as a necessary qualification to entitle one to attend this Convention, is intolerant and in direct conflict with the spirit of the age, and is therefore repudiated by this Convention."

The former was adopted, the latter rejected by a majority of four votes, thirty-four votes being cast.

The question was simply one of *toleration*, and it was stated in very emphatic terms by the mover that his object was one of toleration alone, not that he sympathized with or endorsed the doctrines of Mrs. Woodhull, but that the State Association, having received the fees and dues from all, without any inquiry as to their belief, the secretary had no right to shut the door in their faces.

I believe we should have had a different report of the proceedings had your reporter been present, instead of taking the proceedings second-hand from one who desired to throw discredit beforehand upon a report that may soon be looked for upon a resolution adopted by the Convention, which has so far been kept very carefully in the dark by your informants.

The resolution referred to was one for a committee to investigate and report the facts upon the charges of theft against J. L. Potter, State Lecturer of the Association, who was whitewashed by the former executive board. This resolution was strongly urged by Mr. Sweet and one or two others, and violently opposed by Potter's friends. The committee, of which Mr. Sweet is one, are determined to probe this thing to the bottom, hence all this squirming, and the attempt to divert attention in another direction.

It is not, however, to be wondered at, Mr. Editor, that your reporter was not present at the Convention, for the general attendance during the sessions, including spectators, would average less than forty persons, not more than one-fourth of what it was a year ago, when no attempt had been made to draw a line of demarcation. The seeds of dissolution have been sown in the Association, and if another such convention should be called there will none be left to administer upon its effects.

The course of Mr. Potter and his friends has so alienated the Spiritualists from the Association that it is doubtful if a lecturer can longer be supported in the field in this State.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, of which the late State Lecturer has been a correspondent for several years, has published the second resolution given above, with the word "not" before the word "germane" changed to the words "that is," thus making Mr. Sweet and those who agreed with him say that the doctrine of social freedom is germane to Spiritualism, while they were contending that it was not, but then this would help the *Journal* editor to make a point in favor of his friend Potter, and would tend to show that this story about the boots is all a conspiracy, gotten up by "socialists," as charged in the Convention.

## VINDEX.

## EDITORIAL ITEMS.

A TALE OF LIFE; OR THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS.—We call the attention of our readers to this Spiritual story. It is the best that ever appeared in print. The hits in chapter one are sharp, caustic, and to the point. In ability, the argument is grand. Read it, every word of it, and you will be the better for it.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, \$1.10 per annum.

Do not fail to read Prof. Lyon's review of Prof. Van Hyatt's criticisms on the Hollow Globe. It is witty, pungent, and sharp.

Who can read the poem on our first page, "Fallen," and not feel the full force of the thoughts therein contained?

The St. Louis Spiritual Shooting Match is "a stunner," and a nut not easily cracked by our skeptics.

Read the report of the sad results of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists, and its failure, and then remember the various declarations of J. L. Potter, the State lecturer, and the oft-declared statement that social freedom has no hold in this State, and then read the call of the Spiritualists of Minnesota in another place, and ask why this split and the answer is, in the abuse of the *R.-P. Journal*.

We are preparing a form of receipt for all of our subscribers, in which the number they commence with, as well as the number their subscription expires with, will be mentioned, and amount received.

We shall send accounts of amounts due, to all who are in arrears, as soon as Farmer Ma-

ry is able to work, we hope by the first of December next.

To the many anxious inquirers, by letter and otherwise, we answer, Farmer Mary is better, and we think out of danger; but we do not expect her to leave her room before January. We thank all for sympathy and words of comfort manifested toward her in this our hour of trial; but above and beyond all this earthly friendship, kindness, and Spiritual love of our earthly friends, we thank our Heavenly Father and the Spirit world for help and cheer vouchsafed to us in this our crucial trial. We are religious, but not orthodox.

We spoke in Grow's Opera House, on Sunday, the 24th ult., to full 300 people, and that, too, at twenty-five cents admission, and for the first time in years we saw many of the old-time Spiritualists, who greeted us with a hearty shake of the hand, and bid us God speed in our work.

And thus the work goes bravely on, the truth triumphant over spleen, bitterness, dishonesty, and sensuality; our cause is gaining ground everywhere, and THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK is becoming a popular paper. Let every truly honest Spiritualist subscribe, and become a member of the Order of the Spiritualists at Work. Initiation fee, \$1.10, for which the G. W. E. G. W. will send you reports of the working of this Order every two weeks, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

## TEST DEPARTMENT.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

## THE TEST.

We gave a seance in Grow's Opera House, on Sunday night, the 24th ult., to 300 people, when the following tests, 41 in all, 37 were fully approved, were given:

No. 1. To a lady, Mrs. F., we gave three dates in her life, fixing day, date of month, and year. All approved.

No. 2. To a lady, a stranger in the city, a Universalist in belief. We saw by her a spirit man, carefully describing him; we then stated, We will speak what we hear this spirit say, and close the door against retreat. It is true to us; to you, the audience, it is only true as this lady shall affirm or deny, and she will be believed. Madam, this spirit says, "My wife, I meet you here to-night in answer to your soul call. I am often with you. I produced the wonderful dream you had last September; I will remain near you during your earth-life, and when the time comes for you to ascend the Golden Stairs I will be with you, and together we will pass the Pearly Gate, and together we will enter the Gate Beautiful, and in our home Spiritual we will hold sweet communion, unalloyed with life's stormy lesson. And now, my wife, I greet you with a husband's love and bid you be joyous until we meet in the Summer-Land." This spirit is your husband. What do you say, are we right?

The mother and son sat side by side. The woman, wife, and mother answered, "It is my husband, and you have described him correctly. I fully recognize it as a test."

No. 3. A spirit came to Captain Green; a stalwart sailor man, and pointed out the 19th day of June, 1862, as one of the storm days of his sailor life. The spirit was fully described and as fully identified, as well as the storm date referred to.

No. 4. To a man, a stranger to us. We saw by him a spirit of a man, who came before us dripping wet, out of the water. We described him, saying, This man has been dead full sixteen years. What do you know about him?

"Nothing. I have no knowledge of any such man."

This spirit stood as natural as life, looking at the man before us, then turned to us, saying, "Ask him if he remembers Berlin, Wis., Fox river, the bridge, and the saloon on the left of the bridge, as you cross the river leaving Berlin, the second saw-mill below the bridge, the steep bank on the opposite side, and the tree that grows close to the water's edge, and the man found at the roots of that tree in 1860? I am that man."

We repeated this. The man started, and then replied, "I remember it all now; it is true."

No. 5. A stranger. We read him carefully,

giving full and minute traits of character. We then gave several dates of incidents in life, and then we said, This man we know nothing of and all we have told him has been told us by an aunt of his, now a spirit, with whom he was a pet and favorite.

The man answered, "You do not know me, not even my name; for five years I have attended your meetings, and this is the first time you have spoken to me. You are right in every particular save one, and that you are right in the incident, but wrong in the date. I was in my 21st year instead of my 19th."

A Voice. "How about the aunt?"

"That is correct also."

No. 6. To a lady. There is with you a little girl, some three years old, describing her. We believe her to be your daughter.

"You are right."

No. 7. A gentleman laid on the table a linen handkerchief. We were talking at the time. Instantly we felt a shock, ourselves falling, and then a thrust through the thigh, followed by what we call the symptoms of death. We turned to the man and said, There is with the handkerchief you have laid upon the table these influences, both spirit. 1. A woman, carefully describing her, and giving age. 2. A man who died a violent death, either from a fall or by some sudden shock. I feel a severe hurt in the thigh.

We were informed after meeting that both spirits were fully identified. The man was Mr. Finney of Indiana street; the woman, the mother. The man was killed by falling on a picket, cutting his thigh, and died instantly.

These are but a few of the many tests we gave on Sunday evening, Oct. 24th, at Grow's Opera House, Chicago, before full 300 people.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 14, 1875.

FARMER MARY—Dear Friend: Mr. W.'s letter came this a. m. I am glad to hear that you are better; be very careful, dear sister, and not have a relapse. I knew that you would feel the influence of our band that night. I shall have another sitting for your benefit on Sunday night, the 19th, and if anything is magnetized for you I will send it at once. I have written a brief obituary notice of our late dear sister Conant for your department. Tell Mr. W. he is at liberty to make such extracts as he may wish to do from my letter, though had I thought of his doing so I might perhaps have expressed myself somewhat differently; but perhaps it is all right.

P. B. Randolph came last Tuesday night, he is still sensitive as ever; thinks his color the cause of his ill treatment, or what he terms his ill treatment. I was much pleased with your editorial in regard to him. I think it quite correct.

Now, dear sister, don't be in too much of a hurry to get up; it takes time to get well. I am so glad Mr. W. was with you; I am sorry your impressions were not carried out, if they had been, as Bro. W. says, you might have been saved this severe illness. I will do all I can, through the help of spirits, to send you power and strength in this your hour of trial. I wanted you to take off your things that Sunday, and stay until lecture time \* \* but judged you knew your business best, and knew what you desired or could do. All the p. m. and evening after you left I felt badly because I did not insist upon your remaining; next time I will follow my impressions.

My own sick are better, and I am gaining. I shall have a sitting with Mrs. Hollis some time during the month if possible, and will write out an account for you. Have you ever seen her?

I am glad you do not climb the Golden Stairs, and had to turn back to earth again, for we cannot, will not, spare you yet. Your husband needs you; your friends need you; "the Living Department" of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK needs you; so, dear sister, be of good cheer, the angels are near and will save you.

How sad it is to think our dear sister and friend, Fanny Conant, has gone to her Spirit home. It is indeed a great loss to the entire world. Fanny was good; I have known her many, many years, and in all these years I never heard her utter one unkind word against a medium or any living person. She was indeed a good and pure woman.

I am going to sit to-night for your benefit, not only to have some paper magnetized for your use, but to have the spirits form a strong (Continued on eighth page.)

## For the Spiritualist at Work.

## THOSE WE CURSE.

BY WM. BRUNTON.

We curse the men with coward hearts,  
That dare not grasp the rights of men,  
Whose sense of justice ne'er imparts  
The good to time they ask again;  
We curse by word and deed and pen;  
Destruction fierce, an earthquake shock,  
O'ertake these loons, the coward stock!

We hate the men so dead and cold,  
That feelings pure must pass them by,  
Whose eyes can see no good but gold,  
And interests that around it lie;  
We hate these men and them would fly;  
Our hates are strong for all this race,  
To us and ours a long disgrace.

We scorn the men so poor of soul,  
That meanest slavery keeps in thrall,  
Whose lives do like a pebble roll,  
In waters where they first did fall;  
In vain on them for worth we call,  
And so our scorn descends in might,  
On them and theirs that shun the right.

We curse and hate and scorn the tribe  
Of those that might and will not be,  
That take from sin a foolish bribe,  
And never seek their souls to free;  
With all aversion such we see,  
They are but chaff and weeds and leaves,  
And for their lives our spirit grieves.

## For the Spiritualist at Work.

## REPLY TO PROF. P. VAN HYATT.

*The Hypercritic Igneous Theory Criticiser  
of the Hollow Globe.*

**BROTHER WILSON:** In No. 30 of the SPIRITUALIST AT WORK you call the attention of Prof. Lyon and myself to the able, historical criticism of the Hollow Globe by the above named critic. This gentleman commences his learned historical criticism by saying the word "foggy" is to him very repulsive, and professes to believe that a fanatical fool like himself (of course) will stand a better chance at the day of judgment than fogism, that believes in all the crack brain theories palmed upon a gullible public. Who, I would ask, are the gullied ones? Are these remarks applicable in any sense whatever to the authors of the Hollow Globe, or are they the reflections of his own mind? We ignore all the geological crack brain theories of the past, and have established a theory of our own, based upon the eternal foundation of natural laws, which you, sir, wilfully deny without bringing any proof of your own whatever, and fanatically assert that nature knows no such thing as "Hollow Globe." This statement is unfounded in fact, and we call upon you to prove your bare faced assertion. We state, without fear of any successful contradiction, that there is not a *real* solid in the formation of matter in the broad universe. Everything is hollow from the infinitesimal atom up to the mighty worlds. Not a particle of matter, whether confined in granite or floats in the air, that is not surrounded by an atmosphere of its own. A solid, if it could be so, would be a oneness, and no power in nature could dissolve it, for there would be no space for any force in nature to enter. You seem to think that you can break down the Hollow Globe theory by quoting from the theories of others; had you read the Hollow Globe attentively, you would have found that all your quotations from the Igneous theory and others had been ably answered, and answers to other questions of which you have never dreamed. Your borrowed theory with regard to the heated matter of comets, their size, swiftness of motion and the immensity of space in which they move, is all assumption of the same crack brain Igneous theory; not one idea has as yet been demonstrated as a fact, neither can it be. How could you, sir, in looking through the magnified expansion of the telescopic lenses, bring that expanded size and space into our length of miles, so that it would amount to anything more than guess work; and how came you or any other man by the knowledge that the matter of comets was heated to the degree of white heat. Please give us some of *your* wisdom with regard to this matter; *borrowed* criticism is of little value to the authors of the Hollow Globe, or its intelligent readers. How, we would ask, do you know that earthquakes are produced by the Igneous internal heat theory? Are not our ideas much more reasonable with regard to the cause of earthquakes and volcanos? The Hollow Globe asks, for what purpose have the fires of these dead volcanos been extinguished, and in what manner was this wonderful feat accomplished, and quotes Prof. Denton, treating upon the same subject: He

says "that many of the inactive volcanos were contiguous to the sea shore, and that nature had provided apertures through which the waters of the ocean might communicate with the crater and extinguish the cause of the flames." Wonderful sound philosophy: to let down through these craters cold water from the ocean to put out an intensely heated mass of matter 7920 in diameter. Is this the reasoning of a man whom the world calls scientific? If so, deliver us from such illogical, unsound science. We would refer your readers to the chapters on earthquakes and volcanos contained in the Hollow Globe, and compare them with the ideas of the fanatical Igneous theory.

Let us now suppose a question for our learned critic to answer for himself: What would be the final result of a globe or ball, say ten feet in diameter, expanded by heat to its utmost tension, and then a crust one inch in thickness should form on the outside of the expanded heated mass, and after the whole heated matter should cool and adhere to the inside crust, would there be matter enough after it had shrunk by cooling to fill the entire inside of the ball? I answer, no. Then this process would produce a hollow globe. Again, suppose the ball should all cool off, where would be the last heat of the ball, on the inside or outside? We state it would be on the outside; it would cool first at the center. Heat expands and cold contracts, therefore, no crust could be formed on the outside of this superheated matter, for its atmosphere would be intensely heated hundreds of miles each way from the surface of this heated mass, and there would be no cold to condense the crust. If the inside matter of our globe is at the point of white heat, what would that element be but a pure ethereal atmosphere, and we then should have a hollow globe.

Once more, how do you keep the fires burning in all these vast worlds? All positive elements are exhaustive of their own power, and would die if not recuperated; and from whence comes the fuel?

Please answer these questions upon your own authority, and not upon borrowed testimony.

M. L. SHERMAN.

P. S.—Readers of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK can receive The Hollow Globe by addressing M. L. Sherman, Adrian, Mich., price, \$2.00, postage included.

## For the Spiritualist at Work.

**MR. EDITOR:** I have just returned from the Quarterly Convention of the Northern Wisconsin Association, held at Oakfield; have enjoyed a feast of good things that came from independent speakers and thinkers. Mrs. Alvira Wheeck Ruggles gave two lectures filled with beautiful thoughts, in words that had the charm of magic on her hearers. The first, on Truth, was well received by all. The second, on Love and Free Thought, came as near killing conservative socialists as did the eating of an apple of killing Adam and Eve. It was a charming and instructive lecture. Mr. John Collier gave three lectures, mostly on Christianity and Spiritualism. His lectures were delivered in a highly artistic manner, often eloquent, always impressive and emphatic. His first lecture laid out the Christian Spiritualists as dead as Lazarus in his grave, and they delared they would not hear any more from him; but they arose in less than one day, purified in spirit, and the house was filled by the bodies of just men made perfect by their afflictions and resurrection. Mrs. Severance was a volunteer speaker, and made her radical speeches, which were received with approbation as usual.

My part in the convention was to present my circular for consideration and criticism in the conferences: I was not able to get an opinion against the truth of the five spiritual commands or principles set forth in it. There seems a want of consideration in the line of exact formulated thought. The free love idea may be right or wrong according to the definition. When the American Association said, at the Chicago Convention, in 1873, "That the will of any third party which defeats the manifestations of love, interferes with the natural order of the universe, and is an enemy to human happiness," they formulate a principle that cannot be upheld to maintain free speech, free press or free meetings; all must come under the rules of order, propriety and decency. "The enemy of human happiness" is the party who

refuses to be governed by just rules in all their loves, whether they relate to the sexes, speeches or meetings. If the rules I submitted to the convention are as faulty as I esteem the one quoted above, I should like to know it. Evolutions in society which are improvements are made by better rules and laws, not by declamation or oratory. Even the Declaration of Independence is a failure to improve society, unless formulated into laws that are obeyed. Our speakers have neglected to put these ideas into precise form for consideration, some of them have opposed their introduction into meetings. If this course is generally adopted, our meetings will be as good places for sleepers as the churches. When nature has an evolution in the vegetable or animal world, it makes the exact vegetable or animal that is adapted to the new state of the earth. When people evolve from one condition to a better, they adopt the exact rules and laws required for the higher condition of society; science observes nature, adopts her laws, and establishes her conclusions. Spiritualists, shall we follow the teachings of nature, the practices of the people who are adopting better civilizations, and the conclusions of science, which bring peace on earth and good will among men as our religion?

H. S. BROWN, M. D.

527 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis.

## TAYLOR'S HILL, FRANKLIN CO., ILL.

Sept. 9th, 1875.

**E. V. WILSON:** Without any preliminaries I will briefly remark that THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK reaches me semi-monthly, regular as *orthodox preaching*, in Egypt, Ill., and not wishing to realize something for nothing, outside of my own "creation," I hereby enclose a small consideration, the amount comparing with my financial limits, feeling loth to name it in public lest it might unjustly merit the frowns of rebuke by those who are well to live and die in peace, all square with the world (?) if they should be somewhat indebted to their own conscience for future ratifications in default of deeds done in the body, of which every soul must be its own judge, without the intervention of a *blood-stained mediator*, between man and a *plenipotent spirit oligarchy*, whatever may be taught to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In editorial controversies I make no investment until I am taxed either directly or indirectly with unqualified illegal demands, then I feel it my moral privilege, if not a duty to others, to show through the same channels of assault, that "a man's a man for a' that."—Burns.

At present I feel myself in harmony with all contorting parties, except the *orthodox gods and devils* (?) because they keep the mental sea of human thought and investigation constantly turbid and convulsed through the proxyship of their prelatic paradisms. However, I do not attribute the primitif cause of the mental commotions as much by a *big jump* to the two pre-emptory rival antagonists, God and the devil, as what I do to their earthly proxyships (?) because I view the subject more in the light of a Missouri Dutchman, who, upon being asked by an importuning priest if he ever considered the atoning merits of Jesus Christ, answered inquiring: "Jesus Christ! who de tifel is he?" "Why," replied the priest, "Jesus, the Son of God, the author of all your temporal blessings." "O!" replied the Dutchman, "tat ish von of the boys! I ish vel aquainted mit de old shentleman, God (?) himself, awver I knows nix from his boys." So with myself; I feel myself much better reconciled to the operations of the intactible imponderable impelling forces and laws of matter in its divine essences, than what I do with many of its individualized nefarious productions.

My only hope and consolation in the prospects of the human future is, that when all the gross germs and spirit essences of matter are exhausted on the procreating laps of common humanity, which invariably appear first upon the stage of action in carnal human life, then will the remaining quintessences of the physical elements of life and immortality be resolved into more perfect specimens of a *godly humanity*, redolent with love, peace, order, wisdom and beauty, placing beneath its feet whatsoever worketh deceit, treachery, lechery, slavery and human debauchery.

Ever and anon,

JONATHAN KOONS.

## PRESIDENT GRANT'S SPEECH.

Short speeches from gentlemen called for were next in order. President Grant, after long and repeated calls, came forward, and first making a few remarks, read quite a lengthy speech.

After a few humorous remarks, in reference to the calls for himself and Gen. Sherman, in which he said it had been customary at the reunions of this army, to call on him just because he made the shortest speech, the president said he had concluded to disappoint them this time, and he had therefore jotted down what he wished to say, which he read as follows:

**COMRADES:**—It always affords me much gratification to meet my comrades in arms of ten and fourteen years ago, and to tell over again, in memory, the trials and hardships of those days—hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then, and we believe now, that we have a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades paid the latter price for our preserved union? Let their heroism and sacrifice be ever green in our memory. Let not the results of their sacrifices be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they died should be held more dear for their sacrifices.

We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privilege under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped that like trials will never again befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier, who submitted to the dangers, trials, and hardships of the camp and the battle field, on whichever side he may have fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us then begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the prosperity of free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics; certainly not partisan politics; but it is a fair subject for the soldiers, in their deliberations, to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign, and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign, the people, should foster intelligence—that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other. Now, the centennial year of our national existence, I believe, is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundations of the structure commenced by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago at Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needed guarantees for the security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian schools. Resolve that neither the state or nation, or both combined, shall support institutions of learning, other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical dogmas. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and the state forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee, will not have been fought in vain.

The president's speech was greeted with applause, repeated again and again.

Gen. Sherman closed the speaking for the night, with a short and humorous speech, in which he said he wished all speeches made here to-night could be printed in full, and scattered broadcast through the south, to show the people there how the ex-soldiers of the north all felt toward them.

The animals of the island of Spitzbergen are the subject of some interesting notes furnished to the *Zoologist* by the Rev. A. E. Eaton, naturalist to Mr. Leigh Smith's Arctic expedition, of last summer, in the steam-yacht *Diana*. He says that his best opportunities for collecting on shore occurred while the others of the party were away deer-stalking. He went unarmed, trusting to the chance of driving off any too friendly bear by means of stones. He mentions Polar bears, reindeer, black foxes, and four species of seals as inhabitants of the island. A creature supposed to be a wolf was described from the masthead through the ship's glass; but so far as is known, no wolf has ever been killed in Spitzbergen. The favorite food of the reindeer appears to be the dwarf willow; of some sixty that were killed, only two or three had been eating anything else. It is said that reindeer can live comfortably six days without food. Mr. Eaton mentions a fact which we believe is not generally known—that there are many hundreds, if not thousands, of men buried in Spitzbergen.

For the Spiritualist at Work.  
WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE FINANCIAL NIGHT?

Already its sombre hue is being shrouded in Egyptian darkness by the dense clouds of just indignation arising from the toiling millions, whose unrequited toil and servile-like condition is, if possible, more intolerable than African slavery. Ere long this smouldering fire must inevitably burst forth in terrific lightning flashes, and fall with crushing weight upon the devoted heads of all oppressors.

Taking into account the notorious fact that both legal and illegal swindling has become the standing rule, both in the political circle, from the president down to the most menial officer, and in the financial, from Jay Cooke to the insignificant country banker, it requires no great amount of the spirit of prophecy to anticipate the impending crisis. One brief illustration must suffice.

On the inauguration of Republicanism, in 1860, A. had \$1,000 in specie, which in due time he exchanged for \$1,600 of depreciated currency, with which he usuriously purchased a non-taxable, semi-annual, compound-interest, gold-demanding, U. S. A. bond of \$2,000. His neighbor B. who owns a farm, is induced to volunteer as a soldier for a bonus of \$1,000, equivalent to \$600 in specie. After passing through all the trials and dangers incident to war, he returns home to his family and finds said bond to be virtually a mortgage upon his farm.

Herein we discover the true animus of that unbounded philanthropy and patriotism so loudly and persistently manifested by capitalists during the great American conflict. Said Horace Greeley, in the *Tribune* of 1860, "the prosperity of a nation or people is in the direct ratio of the magnitude of their national debt, making the people more industrious and economical," which in old obsolete democratic parlance, simply makes the poor poorer, the laborer work harder and live on poorer victuals, to sustain aristocratic capitalists. The above illustrates one of the beautiful triumphs of modern financial sagacity.

The stale hue and cry of repudiation, inflation, and worthless, bottomless, specie basis, has already ceased to affright even ninnies, and is now being considered in its true light, as a blank insult to the intelligence of the American people.

WATCHMAN.

Fremont, Ind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.  
OF WHAT RIGHT IS THE REPRESENTATIVE WOMAN DEPRIVED?

A certain class of public declaimers and writers have, for the past few years, been clamoring against the wrongs to woman; but as yet I fail to note one of them who has properly defined what woman's rights are.

No person is wronged unless deprived of some right. A right or privilege is a spontaneous outgrowth of accountability. Accountability is guaranteed by responsibility. Responsibility is measured by capability. A right is but the natural sequence of capability.

Rights may be divided into three classes—individual, social, and political. The social structure rests upon the individual right; the political is but the climax of the social. All rights look to the individual tenure for their foundation. No recognition is due until demanded; no demand can be made without assertion.

What individual right has woman asserted that she does not exercise? Of what right has she demanded a recognition that is not acknowledged? Let these two simple questions I have asked be frankly answered, through the mediumship of Mrs. Edward Palmer, or other, for fair play.

LIZZIE STANWICK.

HOPEDALE, MASS., Oct. 17th, '75.

BROTHER WILSON: I am more and more pleased with THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and your manner of conducting it. I was highly pleased at the reproof you gave A. B. Church on his answer to Mr. Sherman, such communications do not show that the writer understands the philosophy of Spiritualism, that God is a universal Father and man a universal brotherhood, or he would not lash a brother so unmercifully.

And I would be still better pleased if every correspondent would write his own views and give his evidence to support the same, instead of trying to show his wit or better judgment by criticising others. Why should our brother

Austin Kent undertake to criticise such a man as J. M. Peebles, that has labored so long, and has been so successful in promoting the glorious cause of Spiritualism? Would it not look more modest in him, if he believes that animals, or even insects are immortal, or that one woman with two husbands can live happily together, (as he has heretofore stated,) to communicate such things over his own signature, and give his reasons for so believing? And would it not make THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK look more like a harmonious and useful instrument in promoting the cause of Spiritualism if all this criticising and setting at naught and slashing other's views were left out.

RICHARD WALKER.

For the Spiritualist at Work.  
FRIEND WILSON: Please allow me to ask Prof. Van Hyatt a question: In his review of the Hollow Globe theory, in reply to the question perpetually asked by the authors, what feeds the fires in the bowels of the earth? he says, the fire is not fed, but has had its burn, and is now and has for untold centuries been cooling off, etc. Now, I doubt the strength of this position, and would most respectfully ask for the evidence to sustain it. My views of the interior condition of the earth are well stated on page 160 of the Hollow Globe, as follows: Every animal must certainly derive all its peculiarity of construction, with every element of its nature, from the earth; and if provided with a nervous system that permeates every muscular fibre, then the physical globe must have something of this character, for it assuredly could not have imparted to the animal what it did not possess itself, etc. Now, if the products of the earth require constant sustenance to keep fires burning within them, does not the same law apply to the earth itself? This seems a logical conclusion, and that such is the fact I have no doubt. The simple fact that intelligence increases, through all grades of being, from center to circumference, on our planet, precludes the idea that its interior is inhabited, or can be by man.

J. TINNEY.

Westfield, N. Y.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY TEST OF SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENON.

The St. Louis papers contain lengthy accounts of an extraordinary test which was submitted to in that city by a spiritualistic medium. A Mr. Henry Timkens, a well known and highly respected carriage maker, offered to Mr. W. C. Clark the sum of fifty dollars for the production of a spirit sufficiently materialized to be shot at. Mr. C. accepted the offer, and on the evening of the 9th a small crowd assembled at a hall in St. Louis to witness the experiment. The medium was carefully searched and clothed in garments furnished by Mr. Timkens. The cabinet was thoroughly examined and placed on a couple of saw-horses. The medium was then bound by Mr. T., assisted by three or four reporters. Holes were bored on each side of each of his legs above and below the knee-joints, and pieces of seaming cord were passed through each of the four sets of holes. They emerged below the cabinet floor, where they were securely tied, and then fastened to the saw-bucks on which the cabinet rested. Holes were also bored on each side of the medium's back, and a piece of rope passed around his waist and tied on the outside of the cabinet, besides being secured to the saw-bucks. The medium's hands were separately bound and then tied together, the cord being made to pass through a hole in the floor, between his legs. At the distance of fifteen feet from the cabinet, and directly in front of the black curtain, was placed a stand, where, by means of a vise, a small, breech-loading rifle was fastened, and leveled so that the ball would inevitably pierce the curtain's center when fired. Mr. A. B. Cunningham, of the *Globe-Democrat*, who is a crack shot, with a steady nerve, was requested by Mr. Timkens to fire the rifle.

After considerable time had elapsed subsequent to the closing of the cabinet, the curtain of the window was suddenly drawn aside, and a face—apparently that of a girl—made its appearance at the aperture, and was distinctly seen by all present. The *Republican* says: "There it was; pale, ghostly countenance, that looked as though it might have belonged to a girl of seventeen at some previous time in the world's history. It didn't look a bit like actual flesh and blood. Had it been possible to remove the front of the cabinet suddenly, one never would have expected to see any pinned-back gear about the nether portion of the materialization. It was a face that might have belonged to some Greek maiden 2,000 years ago, and reminded one of the marble countenance of some statue. All who saw were fairly transfixed with astonishment. The features were perfectly clear and distinct, being illuminated by a soft light. There was not the slightest movement of a muscle or an eyelid that could be distinguished. While all were eagerly gazing at the vision

there was an explosion that caused a rude interruption of the imaginative reveries the more superstitious had fallen into.

"The wide open eyes looked almost into the muzzle of the gun without any sign of flinching. Without the tremor of a muscle Cunningham fired, apparently thinking no more of shooting a couple of girls than a Comanche would. At the shot the face remained steadfast. It wasn't scared and didn't wink. A few seconds it remained as before, and then the curtain mysteriously slid across and obscured it from view. After about ten minutes' waiting the medium asked for a glass of water; this was given him, and a little while after he asked to be let out. When the door was opened he was found tied just as he was left when the door was first closed. The cords had evidently been strained a little, and that was all. Everybody said it was a good thing, and nobody could tell how it was done if the spirits didn't do it.

"The medium professed to be very much exhausted by the exhibition, and said he wouldn't do it again for anything. The difficulties in the way of any imposition in this matter appear to be very great. It would have been almost impossible for any material, for the production of the image, as by a mask, to have been introduced into the cabinet. The medium was very securely tied, and there was no possible chance for collusion on the part of a confederate. The bullet certainly went through the aperture and through the face, whatever it was. This was ascertained beyond a doubt by finding the ball; it having passed through the back of the cabinet and imbedded itself in a board. The public can make their own explanations. The *Republican* has none to offer."—*Earlville Transcript*.

## BLOTTED FROM THE MIND.

## A STRANGE PHENOMENON OF INSANITY.

A short time ago a young-looking woman of the middle class, who has seemingly lost her mind, was arrested in a semi-destitute condition, and carried to the Central station on Caudron street, charged on the books with being insane, and not able to give a satisfactory account of herself.

Though her hair was unkempt and disheveled and her clothing scant, soiled, and dragged from her wanderings far and wide in the streets, "looking for her lost husband," as she said, there was such a pitiful look about her face and eyes that the officials, and especially Lynch, the turnkey of the station, treated her with more consideration than is usually shown prisoners of her class.

And, as she sat in her cell, swaying to and fro, as suffering women often do—a sort of keeping time, as it were, to her sobs and moans, all about her lost husband—Lynch, who looked in upon her, thought he recognized in the Mary Stephens before him the wife of Stephen McGill, a confirmed lunatic, who had been sent to the insane asylum several months ago.

This suspicion he communicated to Dr. Cooper, who at once had the woman removed to the insane asylum, whether she would have been sent in the end, had she been duly arraigned before Judge Evans.

When taken to the asylum, she was placed in the reception room, and shortly afterward Stephen McGill, the lunatic, was brought in, and placed before her.

Instantly the poor woman sprang to her feet, and, rushing forward, placed her arms about her husband. McGill, for a moment, stood as though more dazed than ever, and then rubbing his eyes and face with his hands and shaking his head slowly, as if to clear away the obstruction placed upon his brain by the disease, said: "Is this you Kate? Have you come to see me at last?"

At the mention of the name of Kate the face of the woman flushed and clouded for a moment, and then recovering herself quickly, she said: "No, it is not Kate, your first wife, Steve, but Mary Stephens, whom you married afterward."

McGill, however, could not understand how it was that the woman before him was not his Kate of early days, and do what she would he kept calling her simply "Kate, Kate." The second marriage was evidently blotted out from his distempered mind, as though it had never been a reality.

Then the two were separated and the man went back to his place of confinement, calling now and then for his own Kate, his "own dear wife, Kate," until his daily ravings came on, and he was again stark mad—forgetful even of his first love.

The shock of the meeting had a contrary effect upon the woman. She is growing better and better, and will shortly be able to come out again into the world alone and join in the multitude of toilers seeking their daily bread.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

No toad is really poisonous, says St. George Mivart, the English physiologist, writing upon the common frog, in *Nature*. Behind each eye of the toad is a gland which emits a milky secretion very disagreeable to some other animals. Many of our readers have probably observed its effect in the suddenness with which a dog will drop a toad which he has seized in his mouth. This acrid and irritating secretion is the nearest approach to venom which the toad possesses. Truly poisonous organs are not found in any of the near allies of the frogs and toads. There is a certain fish, however, somewhat resembling the frog in superficial appearance, which is furnished with a very perfect apparatus for wounding and poisoning.

All false practices and affectations of knowledge are more odious to God, and deserve to be so to men, than any want or defect of knowledge can be.—*Sprat*.

Love is not a fire which can be confined within the breast; everything betrays us, the voice, the eyes; and its fires imperfectly covered only burst out the more.—*Racine*.

A happiness that is undisturbed becomes tiresome; we must have ups and downs; the difficulties which are mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.—*Malere*.

A man's want of beauty is if small account if he be not deficient in other amiable qualities, for there is no conquest without the attractions, and what mole can be so blind as a woman in love?—*Ninon de l'Enclos*.

Professor Huxley, who is now the Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, proposes to abolish examinations in botany and natural history as a part of the course of medical study in that institution, and to require students to pass examinations in those subjects before they begin their professional studies in medicine at all. He also desires to substitute German or French as a compulsory subject of examination for the degree of doctor of medicine, in the place of Greek, which should be merely an optional study. A knowledge of the German language is becoming more and more important to men of science every year, so numerous and valuable are the recent results of scientific research in Germany.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from fourth page.)

battery for your help, not only now, but for the future, or whenever you may feel sick, and I trust that you will feel the effect of our Spiritual circle to-night, and trust you will understand the cause ere you receive this letter. The spirits that go to you with this letter will influence you in the way most needed, after which be kind enough to inform me of the effect, for I love to test these Spiritual influences. My Spirit band seem very much interested in you and your work, therefore, you will understand why I urge you to do so and so, for I wish to see Farmer Mary entirely well. \* \* \*

You remember the Sunday you called with Mr. W., and he saw around me a spirit, once a man, by the name of A. B. Hambleton? If you remember, Mr. W. was in earnest conversation with Col. C. Suddenly stopping, he said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Chamberlain, do you know a man by the name of A. B. Hambleton?" I thought by the way he addressed me he was asking about some mortal. I said, "I know a man by the name of D. H. Hamilton." Mr. W. then said, "It is not him; Hambleton is the name, and he stands beside you." Fully describing a person I had seen but once and that once two years ago, when the so-called Woodhull Convention was here. \* \* His brother, Dr. W. N. Hambleton, dentist, No. 85 Clark st., then a stranger in this city, came to me, urging me to sit for this brother from Ohio. Circumstances were favorable and I consented, and he said at the close of the circle, "it had confirmed him in his belief, and he now knew Spiritualism to be true," and he was so pleased he could scarcely express his gratitude. Well, when Mr. W. saw him (the 25th of July) he had been in Spirit life less than a fortnight.

His brother (the dentist) and wife called last night (Aug. 10th), and was much pleased that he had been here, and considered it a grand test his coming here and being seen, named, and described by Mr. W., thus proving that he remembered being here so long ago, and was attracted here directly after he left the earth-form.

I do think your husband the best medium for his *peculiar* phase I ever saw. He is doing a vast amount of good, and I hope he will be able to keep on; but I really believe it would nearly, if not quite, kill him if his "Farmer Mary" should pass away. Your gentle yet positive influence is a sustaining power to him; but I won't write of that, for you know more about it than I do.

Dear friend, you must not permit what Mr. S. S. J., or any other person antagonistic, says to make you feel uncomfortable; you will, I know, do the best you can, and yet I know how hard it is to control oneself. \* \* Will you write me what your spirit friends are doing for you medically, and please remember, if at any time you need my assistance, call for me. You will be more than welcome.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

## DO THE ANGELS KISS GOOD NIGHT?

"Mamma," lisped a little child one day, "As the sun was melting its gold away, Where the lamps of Heaven are lighted bright, Do the angels kiss little girls good night? I wondered last night as I lay on my bed, And you kissed me so sweetly and patted my head, If the angels would love me as you do here, And call me their darling and sweet little dear?"

"What makes my child ask her mamma so?" The mother whispered, quick and low, "Does she want to go where the angels stay, From papa and mamma so far away?" As she spoke she fingered a glossy curl, And sent up a prayer for her baby-girl, And her heart throbbed with a throb of pain, And she wanted to hear the sweet voice again.

"Don't say, 'far away,' please, mamma, dear, For the home of the angels is very near— There's only a stream that runs between; And the banks are covered with a beautiful green; I think I should like to live there, mamma, You wouldn't stay long here, you and papa, You'd come over there and live with me— Papa, and mamma, and I—all three."

The miser is sometimes a grand personification of fear. He has a fine horror of poverty; and he is not content to keep want from the door, or at arm's length, but he places it, by heaping wealth upon wealth, at a sublime distance!—*Lamb*.

The right mental method keeps every man cool and safe in the dark, like the healthy child who goes up the dim, winding staircase to its slumber, having gone up so often in the noontime that the night shineth like the day.—*John Weiss*.

A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily leaving themselves of reason, and traversing its work. The mob is a man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution.—*Emerson*.

## Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois*. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us living truths, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

## EXCELSIOR.

Still higher, higher, evermore,  
Let us ascend—  
The path of truth, like God's own years,  
Shall have no end.  
  
And ever rise new wonders in  
The light of truth,  
Her true disciples evermore  
Renew their youth.  
  
Still onward, upward, toward the light,  
True heroes rise,  
While 'neath their feet the dark domain  
Of error lies.  
  
Still upward—let no fetters bind  
Thy soul to earth.  
In truth's pursuit thy soul shall find  
True joys have birth.  
  
Still upward, as the eagle flies  
To meet the sun.  
Let us advance to meet the great  
Eternal One.  
  
In truth's pursuit, Oh man, be strong,  
Though fools deride.  
Within thy heart forevermore  
Shall peace abide.  
  
Let custom's willing slaves bow down  
To kiss the sod,  
Be thou a man, and scorn to kneel  
Beneath her rod.  
  
Heed not tradition's fables, brought  
From ancient days,  
Though 'neath religious guise, and crowned  
With sacred rays.  
  
Shun prejudice, no light or good  
Her presence brings.  
Ill-omened forms and shadows brood  
Beneath her wings.  
  
Tradition, custom, prejudice,  
These three abide  
Oppression, wrong, and fear beneath  
Their shadows hide.  
  
Rise thou above them; bid thy soul  
Spring forth to light.  
As springs the tender plant from earth  
To cheer the sight.  
  
As sunlight calls the living shoot  
From out the earth,  
E'en so beneath the light of truth  
The soul has birth.  
  
And as the forests, deep and wide,  
Springs from a seed,  
So shall thy soul advance, Oh man,  
From error freed.  
  
Then higher, higher, evermore,  
Let us ascend.  
The path of truth, like God's own years,  
Shall know no end.

—Selected.

For the Spiritualist at Work.  
SCANDAL MONGERS.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Who are they? They are a class of people who mind everyone's business but their own; they are the busiest bodies in the world, working hard, early and late, to find something against their neighbor with which to entertain a friend at a tea-party, social gathering, prayer meeting, or morning call. It makes no difference where they retail their choice bits of scandal, or dainty loaves of gossip, provided somebody as hungry as they will only listen and enjoy the food.

Then, are they satisfied? Not a bit of it! They are just as fresh and eager for another onslaught upon some unsuspecting, peace-loving citizen, as though they had never rolled the sweet morsel under their tongues. They are the human vampires who, in the guise of friendship, call you brother or sister in the church, run into your homes in a pleasant, chatty way, just to look around for a crumb which they can magnify large enough to make a square meal for some congenial friend, who has itching ears for all sorts of news—the more *private* it is the better it is relished. They are the stand-stills, who ignore all reforms or progressive ideas, and hug with death-like tenacity, the traditional errors of their ancestors, fearing encroachments upon their stereotyped thoughts, fossilized creeds, and mythological beliefs. They ignore the "woman suffrage" question, fearing, in their blind ignorance, if she has equal rights with man she will become bold and masculine, and unfit for the domestic sphere: so they fight against freedom, traducing those who advocate it and are working with zeal to accomplish it.

They are the first to point the finger of scorn at the Magdalen and hound her down into the valley of sorrow; then, not content with their

work, they must needs cast at her their stones of censure, disdain, and contempt, and build a wall around her that she come not out, for fear of contaminating their virtue and purity. O society! O woman! Shame be upon you for what you have done and are doing towards this unfortunate class, who, most of all, need your fostering care, help, and love.

Where are the scandal mongers? They are everywhere—in the church as well as out; no place is too sacred for their slimy presence. If you are one who cannot bow to clerical rule, or worship in one of the many churches in the land, you are a fit target for them to fire their religious guns at, or stab you unawares with their swords of pious calumny. These would-be righteous ones possess much of the "Holier than thou" spirit, yet within are full of corruption, or they could not prostitute time and strength for such unholy and abusive purposes. Such characters must, sooner or later, come under the lash of the law of Retribution, and the stripes will be hard to bear.

In the meantime I know of no better way, when in the enemy's land, than to pursue the even tenor of our way, turning neither to the right or left when invidious remarks or inuendoes from the slanderer are disadvantageous to our reputation, we have a satisfaction in knowing that the vampires cannot harm our character, for that belongs to the individual and is sacred, it is the inner innermost.

Reputation belongs to the world, and is estimated in dollars and cents, bonds, palatial residences, costly equipages, silks, velvets, diamonds, and broadcloth. Character belongs to the soul, and if not too much covered by the rubbish of reputation hath equity, truth, and justice stamped upon it.

Adrian, Oct. 22.

For the Spiritualist at Work.  
A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

We have been asked whether there was a spirit that we call God. We answer that there is a high and holy spirit that we call God. We are subservient to his commands and will; he is infinite, omnipotent, and omnipresent. To this Good Spirit we pray, and hope to receive the light and knowledge that we wish to communicate to our friends in earth life.

We are liable to err in judgment, the magnetisms through which we reach our friends are sometimes not in a condition to give or receive correctly. But this Holy Spirit is perfect in all its manifestations. If you should hear of an accident in your neighboring city, you would be obliged to accept whatever news you should hear, as being true; the magnetic poles that hold the wires are not responsible for the message, and if correctly given, and as correctly understood by the interpreter, the facts are the same as though you were an eye witness to the calamity.

The eye of God is ever upon the children of men, and if the Good Spirit wishes an obstacle removed it can be accomplished. We try to give instructions to our friends in a variety of ways, but the mediums through which we come are not always accepted, and if they do the best that they can, give themselves up to our influences, we accept the conditions and give correctly as far as we are able. The truth of this theory is not shaken if sometimes communications are not just what you would wish. If our meaning is sometimes doubted, do not condemn the spirit. There is to be seen places where the wires that carry messages of the greatest importance pass through fields, and are liable to meet obstructions, yet the message can be sent and no mistakes made.

We try to do our duty, and as fast as we find a brain and hand that we can use we control them to the best advantage. We are happy when we get an operator that we can trust, to give our sentiments to the human family. And while we look to the high and Holy Spirit for the power to converse through mediums, we beg you all to see to the underbrush and allow no obstacles to stand in the way of intelligent hints in the line of progress. But, thanks to the light of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, that now we have a medium, for our operator and office for communication that will require a strong force to throw off the track.

No power in the West can stay the hand that is at the helm of truth and justice. No light is so bright as to extinguish its own theory. Go on, Sister Wilson, spread this truth, from the east to the west, north and south, fear not, your strength is sufficient, and the day is at hand when your voice shall be heard and the victory gained.

FROM AN UNCLE TO HIS NIECE.  
Written on the Occasion of the Death of a Mother and two Sisters, who died in the short space of a few days.

MY DEAR NIECE: Your letter came to hand this evening, and the information it contains is most truly and deeply to be lamented, and while we deeply and sincerely sympathize with you (not so much for the dead as with the living), we would fain give you our sympathy personally, were it possible.

Yours is indeed a heavy affliction, but not to be considered a dispensation, for it is only in accordance with the laws of God and nature. So certainly as we are born into this world, just as equally certain are we to die out of it. Nor should we grieve for those who leave us, but rather for ourselves, who are left behind. However deeply you may deplore the departure of your dear mother, be sure, whilst it is your loss it is her gain. After a life of pain and sorrow, what had she to hope of the future? At most, but a few more years of suffering, and the end at last. And your beloved sisters? They have escaped a thousand ills and sorrows of life, and are now with their dear mother in the happy Spirit Land, and are now, in their spirit forms, watching over you and yours, waiting to welcome you to the happy Spirit Shore. Think with what love and tenderness your dear mother and sisters, so dear to you, are watching over you, and how joyfully they will welcome you to that bright Spirit Home, where toil and sorrow cannot reach you, and only joy can come!

Nay, my beloved children (and you, my old friend, too), your darlings are not dead, only transferred from a corruptible to an incorruptible life. There is no death; 'tis but a new and second birth—a happy transpose into a higher life—a life of progress, upward and onward, graded in accordance with our lives here.

She, the mother, after her life of hardships and sorrows here, has escaped to that realm of perfect rest. What transgressions has she to account for? None! And, oh, the blessed change for those happy, innocent sisters! Who can conceive it! "There is no death! The dust we tread shall change beneath the summer showers to golden grain, or mellow fruit, or rainbow-tinted flowers. There is no death! The leaves may fall, the flowers may fade and pass away; they only wait through wintry hours, the coming of the May. And ever near us, though unseen, the dear immortal spirits tread; for all the boundless universe is life; there are no dead." Then why should we not thank God for their happy exchange? Or why mourn the departure of our beloved ones?

Your affectionate uncle,

DR. D. ARTER.

Wilson, the Spiritual man, challenges the Christian ministers of Cairo to debate with him the proposition, "That the Bible (James' translation) is record of Spiritual manifestations, of like character with those of modern Spiritualism." This is not the language of the proposition, but the matter of it bunglingly expressed. He will meet either one or all of them on the platform of the Free Religious hall, or on any other platform; but he don't want them to listen to him, and then, in a cowardly manner, shoot at him from the masked battery of the pulpit. O, for one hour of Rev. Dr. Thayer!—but then it would be really awful if we had Thayer, and Wilson should, as the rude fellows of the tap-room say, "chaw him up, har and all;" and, by the way, we fear that this man Wilson is a chawer of no mean ability.—*Cairo Bulletin*.

Meditation is the life of the soul; action is the soul of meditation; honor is the reward of action; so meditate, that thou mayst do; so do, that thou mayst purchase honor, for which purchase, give God the glory.—*Quarles*.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little, you may often overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—*Helps*.

The greatest part of mankind labor under one delirium or another, and Don Quixote differed from the rest, not in madness, but the species of it. The covetous, the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffee-house politician, are all Quixotes in their personal way.—*Fielding*.

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